Together

This issue: **JOHN WESLEY.**
Full-page portrait in color and his stirring life story.

e Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families May 1957

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The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

MAY 1957 ***Vol. 1, No. 8***

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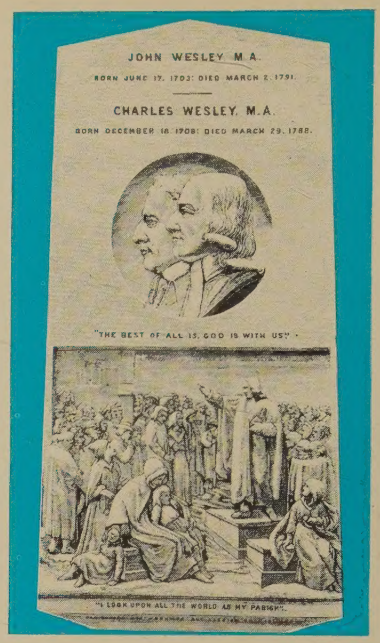
Any time is ice-cream soda time if Gramps and Johnny are together—which isn't often enough for either. Of course, Mama will scold him for treating Johnny just before dinner—but that is what grandfathers are for! Ask any little grandson. Photo by John Mechling.



John Wesley, Methodism's founder, right, painted by Frank O. Salisbury to commemorate the 1932 British union of Methodist churches. The original is on view in the World Methodist Building, Lake Junaluska, N. C. Above, England's Westminster Wesley tablet, with John's words, "I look upon all the world as my parish."

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TOGETHER • MAY 1957

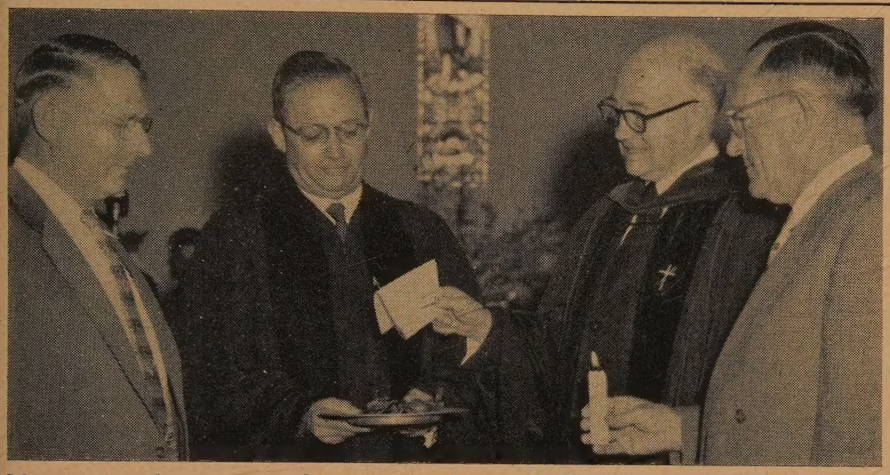
San Francisco Area NEWS of Your Church in Action

Bishop Donald H. Tippett
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

California–Nevada
Pacific
Japanese

Editor: Winston H. Taylor
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

Higher Budget on June Conference Agenda



Mortgage on the Corcoran Church, occupied since 1952, was burned March 17 at dedication ceremonies. Participating were, from left, Ralph Gilkey, trustee chairman; the Rev. Carl Stocking, district superintendent; Bishop Tippett, and E. E. Lloyd, trustee.

Ministerial and elected lay members of California-Nevada Conference's approximately 340 churches will gather at Stockton June 11-16 for annual conference. Their considerations will include primarily the proposals for program of conference agencies during the coming year, and budgets to support this work.

Featured speaker, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings will be the Rev. Everett W. Palmer, pastor of First Church, Glendale, Calif., since 1951. Dr. Palmer is a graduate of Dakota Wesleyan University and of Drew University School of Theology, with an honorary doctor of divinity degree from Dakota Wesleyan. He participated in the Sherwood Eddy Seminar in Europe in 1953, conducted preaching missions at Air Force bases in the Far East in 1954, and led the Methodist European Seminar in 1956. He has been both a ranch hand and a miner.

Dr. Palmer

Bishop Tippett will preside over all conference business sessions and will lead each morning's devotions and give the sermon for the great service on the closing Sunday morning in Stockton's 5,000-seat Civic Auditorium. He will preach then on "The Redemptive Adventure of God." His morning talks, on "The Redeeming Power of God," will pursue this power as it "changes persons," "at work in the local church," "through education" and "in society."

A feature this year will be a Charles Wesley hymn festival prior to the evening talks, under direction of the Rev. Walter Swearengin, minister of music at San Leandro Church. It is in commemoration of Wesley's birth 250 years ago. Selection of music will be from the 6,500 hymns he wrote.

As usual, all reports and proposals will be studied by groups called sections, to which one on social relations has been added. Section chairmen will be the Rev. James Etheredge, Colusa, membership and evangelism; John A. Seaman, Oakdale educator, education; Mrs. Ted Baun, First Church, Fresno, women's leader, missions; Maurice H. Sumner, Temple Church, San Francisco attorney, finance; the Rev.

Mrs. Ted Baun at WSCS Helm

Mrs. Ted Baun of First Church, Fresno, was slated for election as president of California-Nevada Conference Woman's Society at the annual meeting April 30 in Sacramento.

Highly active in the conference for some years, Alice Baun has been WSCS vice-president for the past two years. Also dean of the Conference School of Missions and Christian Service, she formerly was conference secretary for Christian social relations. This year she will serve as chairman of the section on missions at the annual conference. The 1956 General Conference named her to the jurisdictional situation.

Mrs. Baun replaces Mrs. J. P. Howell of Hamilton Church, San Francisco.

Mrs. Howell cannot look forward to any lessening of activity, since the general Board of Missions elected her chairman of the Woman's Division committees on literature and publications and on missionary education, thus placing her on the board's executive committee. She was the Conference's lone woman delegate to the 1956 General Conference.

Mrs. Baun

Dr. Evelyn Miller Berger of Eighth Avenue Church, Oakland, first Conference WSCS president, was scheduled to install the officers, and the principal speaker was listed as Mrs. Clifford Bender, assistant secretary of Woman's Division, the department of Christian social relations.

After 50 years of wedded life, and 57 years of active ministry, the Rev. and Mrs. Leon L. Loofbourow of Good Shepherd Church, Richmond, were honored May 5 at a large church-community conference program. (The June issue will report this tribute and more about the Loofbourows.)

Spur Men's Club

Mr. Sherman

Sharing in the growing number of Methodist Men's clubs is one of the delights of Hugh Sherman, Metropolitan District lay leader since 1953.

Born in Oakland, Sherman is a member of the city's Laurel Church, chairman of the official board, and a trustee. He has been with Bank of America since 1935, served with the Army in World War II, and is now assistant cashier at the Fruitvale branch in Oakland.

Teen-age daughter Carol resides at Marysville with relatives since Sherman was widowed in 1955.

Associate district lay leaders this year are William F. Berck of First Church, Hayward; William H. Courson of Park-Presidio United Church, San Francisco; Lim P. Lee of Chinese, San Francisco; Albert C. Mueller of Epworth Church, Berkeley, and Sidney W. Robinson of Melrose Church, Oakland.

Sherman says: "One of the real privileges of acting as district lay leader is helping to organize new groups of Methodist Men. It is gratifying to talk to a group of men about organizing a club in their church, then later on to be able to present a charter to them from the General Board of Lay Activities. It is interesting to watch, and sometimes to assist, these groups grow in their own church and then to see them reach out to become a part of district and conference-wide acivities, as a part of the fellowship of Methodist Men across our conference."

Robert G. Reis, Dinuba, administration; the Rev. Norman L. Conard, Glide Church, San Francisco, social relations.

The pressures of growing population and increasing program services to the church are reflected in budget requests. After hearings and study, the Commission on World Service and Finance has recommended a budget of $1,114,569, an increase of 16.3 per cent over the current year. There are also recommended items for campgrounds and television ministry.

Proposals for ministerial support and administration funds call for a normal increase of 10.4 per cent, largely the result of ministerial pension needs.

The benevolence budget's rise of 21 per cent is due almost entirely to the needs of World Service, student centers, conference missionary church salary aid, College of the Pacific and church extension. A boost of $50,000 is proposed for the latter. News items include funds for the quadrennial commissions on the local church and higher education.

Organize Spanish Church

Most recently organized church in California-Nevada Conference is Messiah, in Oakland, also the first Methodist church in the Bay area for Spanish-speaking people.

The congregation was organized Jan. 6 with 18 members. Services are conducted in the Good Shepherd Church, a Portuguese-speaking congregation, with the two groups meeting simultaneously in different rooms. A Sunday school is held jointly for children.

The Spanish group had met for several months, with Rosario Obregon, a local preacher, in charge. Since last fall, services have been conducted by Oscar Escamilla, a student from Mexico at Pacific School of Religion.

His Voice Pays Off

Winner of the 1957 national American Legion high school oratory contest is Daniel E. McCall, 17, active in First Church, Modesto. At Waterville, Me., he recently won a $4,000 college scholarship.

A senior at Modesto High School, Dan is the son of Dr. Roy McCall, president of Modesto Junior College, and Mrs. McCall. The youth teaches a Sunday-school class.

Needed: Perspective

"You can hardly be human unless you see life from a divine perspective," Dr. Robert E. Fitch declared in the second annual Bishop Donald H. Tippett Lectures in Religious Perspectives in Higher Education, delivered recently at College of the Pacific.

Fitch, dean and professor of Christian ethics at Pacific School of Religion, addressed 80 participants, including teachers from Stanford University, San Jose, Fresno and San Francisco State colleges, San Mateo and Hartnell Junior colleges and COP.

On the subject of "Christian Faith and the Inquiring Mind," Dr. Fitch held that "there is no perspective of pure reason; it leads to skepticism" and for some people, "skepticism is the peace with bypasseth all understanding."

Calling the Christian perspective the most comprehensive and fruitful of all points of view, he said the Christian point is contained essentially in St. Paul's "faith, hope and love. In life we face two or three alternatives. You can have a true faith, a false faith, or no faith—a noble hope, an illusory hope or hopelessness—a high love, an ignoble love or be loveless."

The program was managed by the COP Faculty Christian Fellowship.

Youths to Tour Missions

A missionary tour, Conference Youth Day and the opening of summer camps highlight coming events for California-Nevada youth.

Youth Day at the annual conference will be Saturday, June 15, at Stockton. Its theme: "I Serve—Through Christian Discipleship." The evening speaker will be the Rev. Robert Hawthorne, student director at First Church, Palo Alto. Activities will include discussions, Bishop Tippett's address to the incoming class of ministers and the dedication of new conference Methodist Youth and Wesley Fellowship officers. Chairman for the day will be Jim Lynn of Burlingame.

Mr. Hawthorne

The tour to missionary projects in California, Arizona and Mexico will be June 30-July 6, led by the Rev. Franklin Scott of Santa Clara Avenue Church, Alameda. It is limited to those in the ninth grade or above.

More than 100 students participated April 5-7 in the annual student conference, representing many Wesley fellowships and foundations. On the theme of "Springboard to Action," they dealt with finding ways for the Methodist student movement to make contributions to campus life. Speaker was Dr. James C. Thomas, associate secretary of the general Board of Education.

New Clubs, New Chores

Three new Methodist Men's club have been organized in San Francisco area recently, and all are at work on projects.

Escalon club, chartered Jan. 4, elected as its first president Ed C. Davis, who raises almonds and worms on his ranch. Members have built class partitions, repaired dining tables and removed trees.

At Centenary Church, Los Angeles, the men are alternating programs with work nights, following reorganization. First president is Tosh Terasawa.

The club at Wesley Church, Modesto, was chartered Feb. 10, with Ken Worrell, school teacher, as first president. Projects thus far include installation of a new lawn and a sprinkling system.

Release New Doss Book

Latest book from the pen of the Rev. and Mrs. Carl Doss is due for release this month. It will be "If you Adopt a Child," published by Henry Holt and Co.

Mr. Doss, a conference member on leave and living in Redlands, Calif., and Mrs. Doss are known as the parents of the international family of 12 children, all adopted.

Spring Spurs Church Building, Remodeling

A spring spurt of building activity in California-Nevada is apparent in the greatly increased number of reports from churches.

Organ chimes, given by Dr. James Thom in memory of his father, the Rev. W. R. Thom, were installed at Carson City Church just prior to Easter, and were slated for dedication May 12 by Bishop Tippett. The church also installed a new automatic furnace.

The mortgage on the parsonage at Georgetown was burned April 7. It was presented to the district superintendent by Melvin Crail of the trustees. The church was built in 1889, but there was no parsonage until a building was started a decade ago.

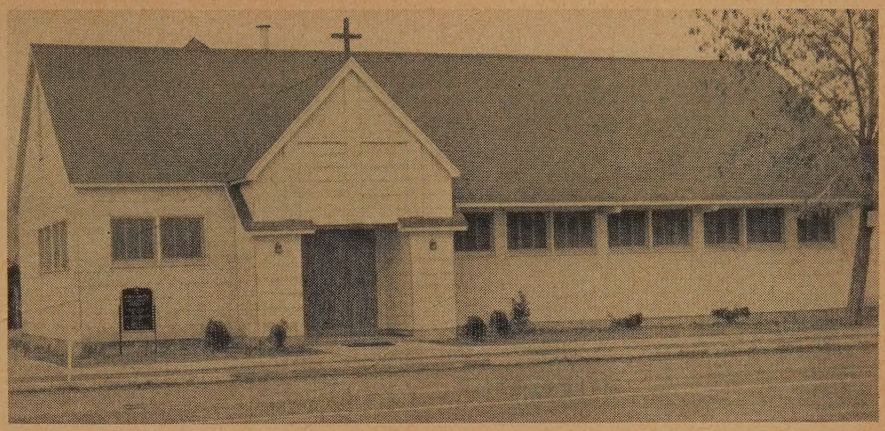
Constructed on the site of the former parsonage, a 500-seat sanctuary was consecrated May 5 by Bishop Tippett for First Church, Hayward. The $140,000 project, which included unification of old and new buildings, is the third phase of a building program begun 10 years ago. Others were an educational unit and a parsonage.

Ground was broken March 31 for the new Northwest Reno Church, which will be completed in June, in time for the first pastor to be appointed. Most of the $45,000 cost was a gift from First Church.

Construction of a sanctuary for Cambrian Park Church, San Jose, started March 24.

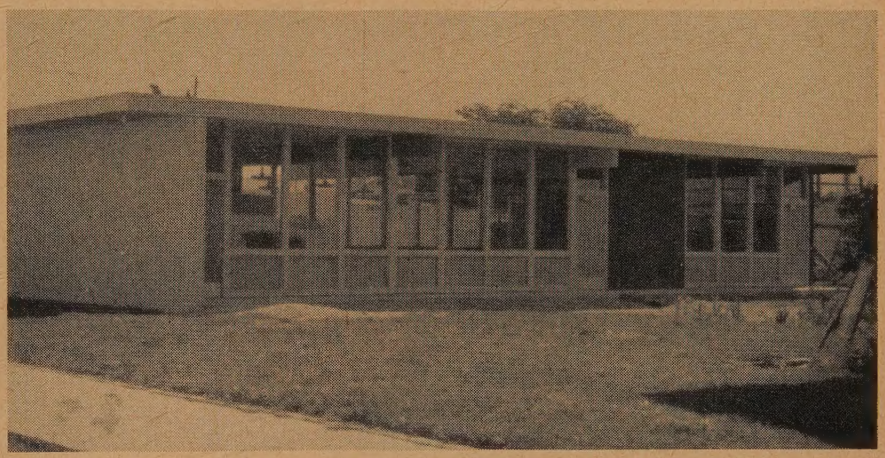
Selma Church has raised more than $45,000 in pledges for church school expansion. Building chairman is Henry P. Berg.

The new social hall in Taylorsville, the Henry Dolphin Memorial Hall for the community's youth, is to be dedicated May 19 by Bishop Tippett. The church itself is more than a century old.

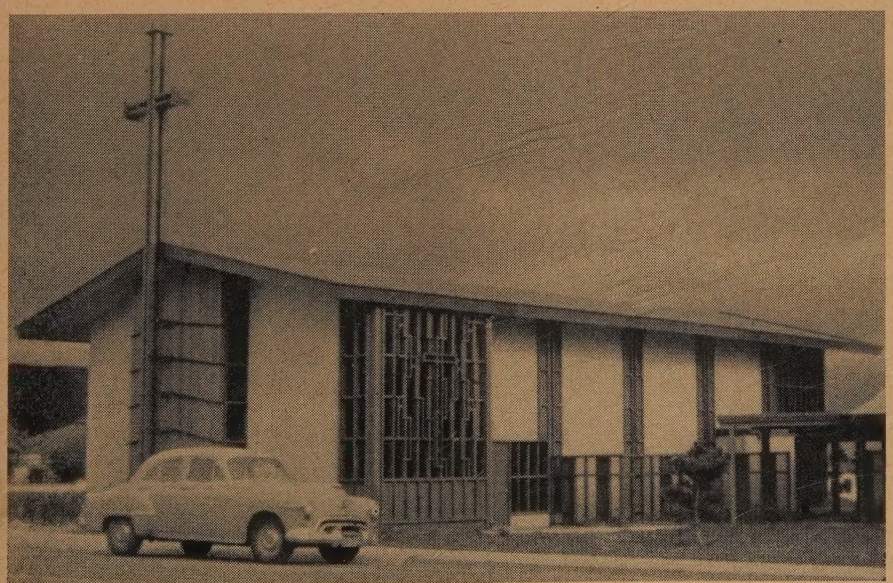


This Yerington, Nev., church, with a 150-seat sanctuary and a classroom, was dedicated May 12 by Bishop Tippett. The church, built in 1952, is valued at some $40,000.

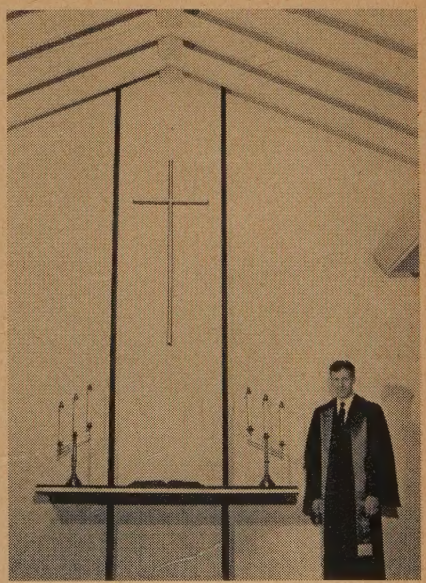
First unit of Watsonville Church, a social hall and classrooms built after relocation, was dedicated May 5 by Bishop Tippett. Since this project was completed three years ago, the church has purchased additional property, surfaced a parking lot, bought a new parsonage and converted two dwellings for church school.



Consecration of this six-classroom Sunday school unit, first in a master plan for Greenfield Church, is set May 16 by Bishop Tippett. Cost of the unit was some $19,000.



This beautiful sanctuary of the Buri Buri Church, which is located in South San Francisco, is the third unit to be completed for the nine-year-old church. First service here was held on Christmas Sunday. The huge cross stands 45 feet high.



Standing at the altar of the first completed unit of the new Monterey church is the Rev. W. Richard Huser, the minister.

RIDING THE CIRCUIT

A Fern Raymond scholarship fund, to help a student preparing for church-related work, has been established by Oakdale Church. The fund honors the late Rev. Mr. Raymond, pastor of the church for seven years until last June.

Speaker for the San Francisco Easter sunrise service atop Mt. Davidson was the Rev. Norman L. Conard of Glide Memorial Church. Glide's choir was one of two which sang for the service.

The new title of academic vice-president, College of the Pacific, has been given Dr. Lloyd M. Bertholf by the trustees. Dr. Bertholf, who has been dean of the college, is conference lay leader and active at Grace Church, Stockton.

Santa Rosa MYF is sponsoring 14-year-old Cha Kwang Min, a resident in the orphanage in Mok Po in South Korea. The boy is in the seventh grade.

Conference representative in the Methodist Ministers' seminar on world peace at Washington, D. C. in April was the Rev. John V. Moore of First Church, Hayward. He was one of 90 attending the meeting sponsored by the general Department of Ministerial Training.

First leadership training school conducted by the Chinese Christian Union of San Francisco was held this spring, with the Rev. T. T. Taam, of the city's Chinese Methodist Church, as dean.

Only a few weeks from a night escape from their Hungarian homeland, Mr. and Mrs. Franck Nagy and daughter Kathleen have settled in Redwood City, under sponsorship of First Church's committee on social and economic relations. Nagy has been employed as an electronics engineer at Ampex Corp.

Newest parsonage arrivals are Gabriel Alan, born March 11 to the Rev. and Mrs. G. Russell Oaks of St. Paul's Church, Stockton; and Michael Kleile, born April 4 to the Rev. and Mrs. Floyd Nolin of Chowchilla.

Recent appointments by Bishop Tippett include Dwight LaFollette to supply San Joaquin, Ray Lawrence to supply Middletown and Lower Lake, and George Warman from Middletown and Lower Lake to supply Cutten Church, Eureka. Paul A. Schilpp, on special appointment at Northwestern University, has transferred from California-Nevada to Rock River Conference.

The March national meeting of conference chairmen of boards of social and economic relations was attended by the Rev. Correll M. Julian of Exeter and the Rev Waichi Oyanagi of Buena Vista Church, Alameda. On his return trip, Julian's train was marooned by snow near Dodge City, Kan.

Earl Rathbun, 16, of Temple Church, San Francisco, has won a summer goodwill trip to Turkey in competition among Boy Scouts of five states. An Eagle Scout, Earl is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Jesse E. Rathbun and is Methodist Youth Fund chairman of his church.

New residents of Earlimart are the Dobranzskys, refugees from Budapest. Shown, from left, are Carl Haag, Delano Methodist, interpreter; Mrs. Gyula Dobranzsky; H. B. Keith, Earlimart Methodist, who provided a house; Gabrielle and Gyula Dobranzsky.

Four California-Nevada Methodists were leaders in the regional workshop for Christian education directors in early May at Menucha, Ore. They are Dr. Buford Bush, assistant professor of recreation at San Jose State College; the Rev. Howard C. Busching of Trinity Church, San Francisco; the Rev. Frank A. Lindhorst, professor of Christian community administration, College of the Pacific; and Mrs. Eva B. Maxwell, director of Christian education at First Church, Palo Alto.

The Rev. Carlyle Schaffer, retired member of Southern California-Arizona Conference who had held pastorates in this Conference, died April 12 at his home in Fresno.

A trip to visit his aged parents in the Philippine Islands was made in April by Agustin Lopez, conference lay member from Filipino Church, Oakland, and a member of the Conference Commission on World Service and Finance.

Re-elected president of the Raisin Maid Association of California is A. E. Swanson of Kingsburg, with J. Paul Peterson of Porterville as vice-president.

Churches Survive Quake

San Francisco area churches apparently survived the March 22 earthquake without damage of any consequence, though the shock was the hardest since the 1906 disaster.

One reaction came from Miss Ethel Jackson, retired deaconess who lives in Mill Valley. Miss Jackson, who celebrated her 90th birthday Jan. 2, said, "I just sat there and thought: 'It's about time God gave us a good shaking.' "

Lab for Teachers

Three laboratory schools, giving opportunity for children's teachers to view, evaluate and test techniques, will be offered again in June, according to Miss Jessie Todd, conference director of children's work.

The schools, in cooperation with the Congregational and Christian churches, will be at Berkeley June 16-21 and at Chico and Watsonville June 23-28.

Eighty-one Methodist teachers attended such schools in 1956. They watched experienced instructors in actual classes, they discussed and evaluated what they saw and experimented with new techniques.

Fete 50-Year Member

Williams Church honored a 50-year member, Mrs. Tennie Edmonds, March 24. The Williams area native was for many years leader of the Sunday school in the 75-year-old church.

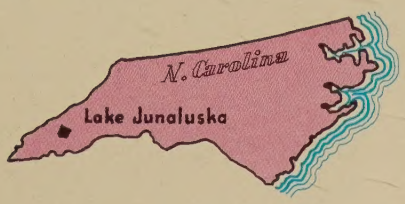
Her activities also covered the Epworth League and Junior League. Illness in recent months has curtailed her activity.

Bishop on Airwaves

Addresses about radio-television were among the many given by Bishop Tippett in recent weeks.

On April 29 he spoke on "Religious and Cultural Patterns in North America Bearing on Christian Broadcasting" at the first conference of the World Committee for Christian Broadcasting, in Frankfurt, Germany.

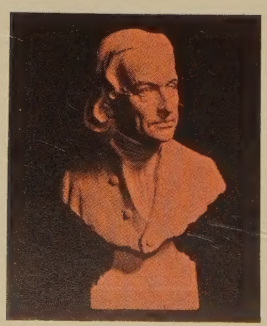
He also gave the Easter sermon on "Message of Faith," on the Northern California-Nevada Council of Churches' radio program over KCBS.



Magnet for Methodists

Nestled amid the peaks of the Great Smokies in the vacation land of western North Carolina lies Lake Junaluska, magnet for 30,000 or more Methodist visitors each year. Here, on a rolling estate of 2,500 acres, our church has established one of its most vital centers. On its grounds, boards and agencies of Methodism meet; thousands of young people assemble; churchgoers from all over the nation attend services. Here, too, is a collection of Wesley relics — which the experts call one of the world's best.

World Methodist Building, main tourist attraction. Inside are famous portraits of Methodist leaders, reading rooms, Wesleyana collection.



Two cherished pieces from the Wesleyana collection: a bust and a Wesley clock, dating back to days when church was young.

Letters

As this issue is going to press, we are receiving letters commenting on the controversial April Powwow: "Two Methodists Look at Social Drinking." These will be digested in the June issue.—EDS.

Durant Revealed 'Essence'

MRS. CHARLES N. MCCAORD
Exeter, Calif.

Dr. Will Durant's article, *Why Are Happy People Happy?* [February, page 10], is the most distinguished you have carried. Dr. Durant has revealed the essence of happiness on earth by his simplicity of expression, honesty, and clarity of thought.

Christian Way . . . Happiness

GILBERT P. REICHERT, *Pastor*
Waverly, Ohio

I agree with Pastors Palmer, Hardin, and Erb that Will Durant's article, *Why Are Happy People Happy?*, lacks something. For living a good moral life, his answer suffices. But true happiness cannot be completely defined in moral terms . . . true happiness results from daily living the Christian way of life.

Rummell Reprints Available

DAVID H. JENKINS
Philadelphia, Pa.

The April *Reader's Digest* condensed an article from TOGETHER by Frances V. Rummell entitled, *The Teacher Who Won't Answer Questions* [March, page 45]. I believe this article would be extremely valuable in full for use in working with public-school teachers. Can you supply me with reprints . . . ?

Reprints are available ($10 for 100; $1 for additional hundreds) from Mrs. G. S. Beck, Reprint Editor, Reader's Digest, *Pleasantville, N.Y.*—EDS.

Don't Always Blame Parents

JEANETTE J. BURDICK
Chicago, Ill.

After having read *Bending the Sapling* [March, page 11] I feel I must come to the defense of the children and parents involved. We all realize that the delinquencies of parents are real spurs to the delinquencies of children, but I can't believe that juvenile delinquency can be traced to a few moments of carelessness on the part of a parent. The problem is so complex that social workers, psychologists, and ministers treat each case individually to discover which long-range personality problems of the parents have contributed to the insecurities of the child. These are the important considerations, not, "Did Mr. Jones ever allow his child to throw candy wrappers on the curb?" Discourtesies . . . are not moral questions.

Exception to No-Clutter Rule

PAUL W. LANDGREN
Indianapolis, Ind.

The color photographs you have printed are superb. My wife intends to make a scrapbook of them, though she had vowed not to save any more stuff to clutter up the desk drawers. Making these an exception is a rare compliment.

Rainbows . . . for Notebook

MRS. C. J. MYERS
Emporia, Kan.

As a college student, I have found TOGETHER very helpful, not only from the religious standpoint, but as a resource for papers and notebooks which I prepare for classes. Suitable materials are not always easy to find, but TOGETHER provides them.

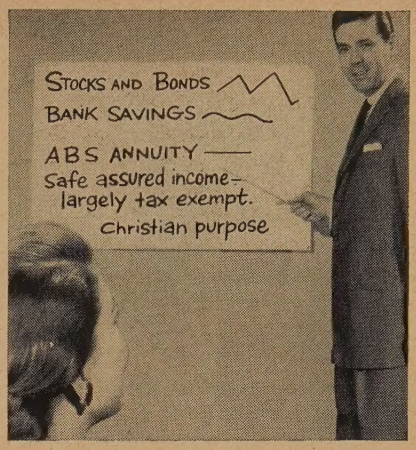
Rainbows at Work [March, page 34] particularly was interesting, and it will be a fine addition to my science notebook.

Now, Dali Defended

RUSSELL J. LASHER
Glendale, Calif.

I am afraid I must take issue with Mr. Parkinson's criticism of Dali's *Crucifixion* in his letter [March, pg. 4].

No photographic reproduction of the painting can do it justice. I hope that perhaps someday Mr. Parkinson can visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City where he can see one of the most awe-inspiring renditions of Christ's suffering upon the



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"It's our first Sunday..."

They were young and obviously strangers so I took an extra moment to greet them.

His handshake was firm and friendly but it was the wife who told me with heart-warming enthusiasm . . .

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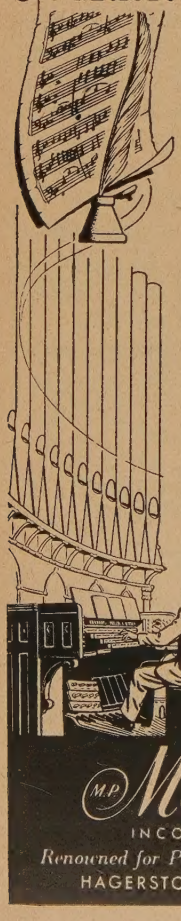

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cross for *us* and not himself. The anguish is not depicted in the use of a perforated hand and body but in the misuse of so perfect a life, depicted in the adoration of the woman looking upward to the "perfect, nude male body. . . ."

Which is better—a dead, bleeding Christ or a perfect, unmarked one which is risen above what man may do to him?

Dali . . . Sacrilegious

Mrs. John R. Farovid
Evanston, Ill.

Dali's digression from surrealist "art" to alleged Christian art is not a plausible reason for any Christian publication to produce a sacrilegious painting that desecrates our Lord.

After such a lapse of time I have failed so completely to recover from the shock of seeing the picture called *Crucifixion* that I send this belated protest.

Prayer Behind Barbed Wire

Raymond E. Forsythe
Boise, Ida.

Thank you for Together's monthly, *A Prayer to Make Your Own*. It reminds me of when I was a prisoner of the Japanese in World War II for three years, nine months, in five POW camps in China, Korea, and Japan.

For us to survive the many brutal, inhuman tortures . . . we could only look to God for guidance. We prayed daily. Isolated from the outside world, behind electrified barbed-wire fences, we were made to realize all the God-given beauties and gifts of life here on earth—mountains, forests, rivers, animals, sunshine, and food. Too, we have the good fortune to live in a land where we can enjoy all the freedoms of mankind. That, I am sure, was as God had intended it should be.

Don't Dogmatize Fees!

O. L. Willson
Monmouth, Ill.

Why should any person be dogmatic about funeral fees? If families wish to pay a pastor for officiating at a funeral service, is it not their privilege? Especially in cases like Marvin Kennedy's [March, page 3] and thousands of others who are expected to live on inadequate salaries . . .

I have had a rather close relationship with pastors of various denominations and localities for many years, and certainly would be hesitant to call funeral fees wrong, any more than marriage fees or even their stated salaries. In fact, who are any of us to pass judgment on others?

Circumstances and customs differ. Even Christianity as per the Bible has plenty to say about economics that is largely ignored. . . .

Turtle Teaches Togetherness

Charles W. Brashares, *Bishop*
Chicago, Ill.

Retired member of the Rock River Conference, E. L. Stanton, who has written many poems worth-while, sends me the following lines. You had a picture of a turtle in *Small Fry* [March page 53) and this little poem might be named *Together:*

Thou, little turtle, on thy sylvan way
Hast added to my total joy this day.
But tell me—why this shrinking from my sight?
To be thy friend would give my soul delight.
Like me, you're here, you know not strictly why,
Or when to live, or yet again to die.
But if from out your useful carapace
You'd quite emerge, and meet me face to face
It might be we would find joy in each other
And mayhap revel in a new-found brother.

Was the Dealer Gypped?

Mrs. Arthur O. Wells
Bakersfield, Vt.

In Frederick E. Maser's *Calling All Wesleyana Collectors!* [March, page 61], he tells about finding a valuable, unpublished letter by John Wesley. The book dealer didn't know its value and sold it for $10. The author was elated . . .

I think this act was unchristian and maybe dishonest in Christlike thinking. Maser has let his mind become conditioned to modern business methods . . .

We rise to the author's defense. The seller was a book dealer and presumably informed on values. He asked his price; Dr. Maser paid it. We surmise that had the dealer later learned the Wesley letter was more valuable than he had thought, he would have grinned and remarked, "It's all in a day's work in this business!"—Eds.

He Doesn't Like to Jump

M. Bennett
Hendra, St. Dennis, St. Austell, Cornwall, England

My congratulations on Together's layout. To be able to commence at the

first page and continue reading to the end without turning so many pages to complete each article is a great boon. The articles are good and the photographs a delight. Thank you so much.

Delayed Her Ironing

JOELLEN GRASSEL
Seattle, Wash.

Today I received and read my first issue of TOGETHER. My mother, who lives in another state, subscribed for me and told me about it later. When the magazine came this morning I groaned and put it in the magazine rack. This afternoon I picked it up to read while I waited for the iron to get warm. I ended up turning the iron off —and my ironing is still in the basket.

No, Dr. Barbour!

GLENN BRITTON
Stickney, S. D.

I have found most of Dr. Barbour's advice in *Teens Together* reasonable and acceptable. However, I must take exception to one [February, page 45] on the phone question asked by Eddie. I cannot see but what the advice is just dodging the issue or an easy way around a problem that is larger than would here appear. . . .

I think the father who allowed Eddie 10 minutes on his phone calls is liberal. Some important business deals are made by phone in less time. When it is necessary, I would say talk 10, 15, or 20 minutes or more, but for lighter conversations, make them short and snappy. . . .

I would definitely be against the second phone just for appeasement's sake. . . . Multiple phones for dual conversation—No, Dr. Barbour, certainly not!

China Must Be Represented

M. EVERETT DORR, *Pastor*
Des Moines, Iowa

Congratulations for securing R. S. S. Gunewardene, ambassador of Ceylon and chairman of its UN delegation, to write the excellent article presenting the reasons why the People's Republic of China should be seated in the UN [March, page 24].

It is difficult for Americans to understand why Secretary of State Dulles has changed his mind after writing in 1953 that if the world wishes universal disarmament China will have to be represented in the discussions. Universal, enforceable disarmament cannot be pushed away for long. The critical problems of intercontinental guided missiles and launching sites will have

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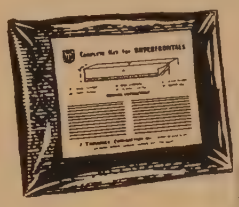

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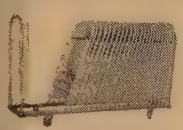

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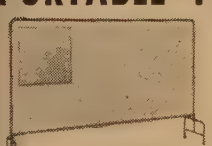

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For Knowland . . . Praise

EGERTON D. LAKIN, *Attorney*
Palo Alto, Calif.

I was particularly interested in the interesting pro-and-con article, *Should the United Nations Admit Red China?* [March, page 24].

It is a question that is widely discussed on all sides. Last summer, while in Europe, an English law student who was driving our car engaged me in an earnest argument over the matter and I must admit I was hard put to answer some of his logical points upholding the "yes" side.

Therefore, I was delighted to get Senator Knowland's exceedingly clear and pointed article. I can appreciate the task you have in getting contributions from distinguished public servants, such as our good California Senator, who, undoubtedly, is besieged steadily for his valuable opinions and writings on all sides.

His words are decidedly expressive of the right and the wrong in the whole matter and have convinced us, if I needed convincing, that to recognize the Red Government in China would be a tragic mistake on the part of the U.S. government.

'Wicked Flea' Bit Her

MRS. NELLIE SWIFT SMITH
Portland, Ore.

The *Wicked Flea* that got into the February issue of TOGETHER bit me with his first bite when he used the expression in concluding his prayer to God—"glad we could get together." Isn't it true that we feel glad and experience an inner peace when we have been together with God?

My name was in a recent hobby list in TOGETHER and in one of the letters I received a lady said: "Our church is having a hard time. The people will not work together." How we as Methodists and Christians do need that "togetherness" with God and each other to accomplish what he has planned for our lives! Thank you, little flea!

Questions Mean Hope for Russia

ROBERT WURFER, SR.
Campbell, Calif.

The Rev. Virgil A. Kraft writes *Young Russians Are Asking Questions* [March, page 13]. This is a good sign! Jesus says in Matthew 7:7, "Ask, and it will be given you," and Kraft says: "It occurs to me that we should send hundreds of [intelligent Christian] tourists to Russia." I agree. But whether we can send them or not, changes in Russia will surely come as long as the keep asking questions!

Clarence W. Hall says in the April *Reader's Digest:* "You can put truth in a grave, but it will not stay there; you can nail it to the Cross, wrap it in winding sheets, and shut it up in a tomb, but it will arise!"

Kids Would Be Killed . . .

CLARENCE F. AVERY, *Pastor*
Athol, Mass.

What a wonderful picture of Virgil Kraft and the Russian children! Just wholesome, fun-loving kids—like our own American boys and girls. It should give us pause to remember that children, by the millions, will be casualties in any future war between the United States and the Soviet Union.

Indians Like to Chat

RICHARD A. CHARLES
Great Falls, Mont.

I would like to comment on *America's Indians Get a Chance!* [February, page 30]. First of all, such loaded words as "blanket Indian" and "government dole" appear. Few white people realize that this "dole" actually comes from the Indians' tribally owned property and resources. . . .

The article seems to endorse the relocation program. Before that program can be assessed, people must realize what a large proportion of relocatees return to the reservations. Why? (1) Because they can usually qualify only for unskilled work. (2) Because restrictive housing, especially for large families, forces them to live at a great distance from work. (3) If the relocated Indian loses his job, the government is through with him; there's no second chance. (4) The Indians miss an Indian environment. They are extremely social people and few can flourish psychologically unless surrounded by other Indians.

Indians Not on Dole

EDGAR B. SMITH
Sherman Chapel
Riverside, Calif.

America's Indians Get a Chance! by James Daniel was excellent as a well-earned tribute to Commissioner Emmons, but I was surprised to read, "living on a government dole like thousands of others. . . ." This phrase in his first paragraph is

(Continued on pg. 52)

Together / NEWSLETTER

WAR ON SMUT MAGAZINES has been declared by a group of Protestant churchmen representing 20 denominations. At a meeting in Washington, D.C., they formed the Churchmen's Council for Decent Literature. Methodist pastor Frank A. Cannon, Spartanburg, S.C., warned that obscenity has become a national sickness.

BISHOP GETS BROTHER'S OLD JOB: The new President of Methodism's 80-member Council of Bishops, W. Angie Smith, 62, of Oklahoma City, took office last month in Cincinnati. His older brother, Bishop A. Frank Smith, 67, first filled the post after Methodist unification in 1939. Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, Washington, D.C., was picked as next year's president.

SUPPORT FOR BRITAIN'S ARMS REDUCTION came in Cincinnati, from the Council's retiring president, Bishop W. Earl Ledden, who called the move "a contribution to peace." Bishop W. Angie Smith favored atomic weapons cutbacks "if and when" the stronger nations reach a "satisfactory agreement." (Together presented both sides of the nuclear testing question in its November 1956 "Midmonth Powwow.")

LEGISLATION TO OUTLAW CAPITAL PUNISHMENT in Iowa has been introduced in the state senate by two Methodist lawmakers, Howard C. Buck, Melbourne, and Earl Elijah, Clarence (twice a General Conference delegate). Iowa Methodists are being urged to support the bill.

LOCK, STOCK, AND PULPIT, Southern California School of Theology, Los Angeles, will move to Claremont, Calif., this summer, setting up for fall operations in Claremont Men's College. Permanent buildings for the Methodist-related school will go up on a 15-acre site from an anonymous donor.

QUICK ACTION BY CONGRESS to assure continued U.S. participation in resettling Hungarian and other refugees is being demanded by the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief. The committee unanimously backed President Eisenhower's long-range proposals for revision of immigration laws. MCOR also called on Methodists to write their Congressmen in behalf of "improved" immigration policies.

HOW TO MAKE A CHURCH BUDGET is one of 27 important topics that will be discussed at the second national conference of Methodist Men, Purdue University (Lafayette, Ind.), July 19-21. Also on the agenda: "Organizing New Clubs of Methodist Men," "Keeping Church Records," and "Lay Leaders' Job."

TEN PROTESTANT LEADERS from overseas will come to the U.S. in the fall of 1958 to spearhead a three-month World Evangelism Mission in major cities. The Methodist Boards of Missions and Evangelism, co-sponsors, plan a kickoff institute, Sept. 3-17, place to be announced later. The project's purpose: to apply some effective evangelistic methods developed overseas.

(*For more church news see page 67*)

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✠ *Personal Testimony*

The Best Time To Pray

By ALEXANDER NUNN

To the author, above, leading Southern farm editor and Methodist layman, "Talking with God and listening can become . . . real"—if a man is ready to plug in.

MORE THAN any other thing, prayer has made God real to me.

During the Korean War a young friend was shot to pieces in March, 1951. Eventually he was flown home, where his condition went from bad to critical. As I prayed for him one morning I suddenly felt God had given me an answer. I was so affected that all I could say at breakfast was, "Victor is going to be all right." He did recover, and returned to college as a paraplegic to finish his work in poultry. He is now getting his first cage laying house under way.

A dairyman friend told me this experience about the birth of their second child. There was fear his wife would not live. As he was about to leave the hospital one afternoon the nurse said, "You need not come back in the morning." The tone of her voice made the implication clear.

That night he prayed as he had never prayed before—but without an answer. About three o'clock in the morning he began to pray, "Lord, not my will but thine be done." Suddenly, his load lifted, he lay down and slept soundly.

Next morning at the hospital the nurse greeted him with, "Your wife is better."

"I know it," he answered. "The turn came about three o'clock this morning." She confirmed the hour but exclaimed, "How did you know?"

Talking with God and listening to God can become as real as listening to a great dynamo humming with power. But I have learned that I must be ready myself—ready to "plug in" to God's line. That, I have found, is the basic secret of coming in tune with God.

I grew up in a home where we attended Sunday school and church regularly, asked the blessing at the table, had family devotions, though not regularly. I noticed long ago with our own children that devotions before bedtime brought an unusual spirit of family closeness.

In recent years, with all the changes that come in a growing family as time goes on, we have turned to breakfast devotionals, but I would have to say frankly that I believe most in our earlier practice.

To me, prayer has never seemed something to turn to only in time of trouble. Instead, I have often found prayer most natural in periods of elation or achievement, when I have asked that I might never forget the source of all power and good. To me, prayer while walking on a crowded street, out in the field, or while working at my desk is altogether normal. But talking with God does come most easily to me in quiet moments, such as Wesley found in his prayer room at City Road Chapel.

The spirit of Jesus' admonition, "Pray without ceasing," is to me a normal part of Christian living.

KOREAN SCENE: 1950

AMERICAN SCENE: 1957

Professor: "I slogged through the last war . . ."
Student: "Sir, do you mean 'last war'—or the latest?"

Mother, Will I Have to Go to War?

By NAOMI N. HITCHCOCK

I CAN'T remember when my father went to war, but I can remember when my five brothers went and the naked fear in my mother's eyes. But that was over now, and our senses were dulled to the dread years and the lessons we had learned at such bitter cost. We unlearn them so fast, these lessons. The prosperous years ticked by and we were snug in our security.

Then the other day I was ironing when my son came in from play, his face streaked and dirty from a football game. The radio was going full blast with the news about the latest crisis, and I was engrossed in the report. My son stopped in front of me and looked up in my face.

"Mother," he asked, "will I have to go to war?"

My iron stopped in mid-air; then I set it down very carefully, put my hands to my throat, smothered by this terrible and earnest question. I looked down at that freckle-faced lad of mine, and my heart chilled.

I could only murmur, "Son, I don't know."

But the thought had struck me with terrible force and kept pounding away. What am I doing to prevent it? As your mother, what am I doing to prevent your going to war? Suddenly my home was no longer a haven. The world and its problems had entered my door.

Unless a lot of somebodies, ordinary people like myself, do something and quickly, my son, you very likely *will* go to war. And you very likely may die. My heart crumbles at the thought.

My agony must be the agony of all mothers of the world. Has ever a man died on the battlefield, no matter how gloriously, that a mother has not said, "I would rather have him live"?

Wars and wars. Has indeed the hand that rocks the cradle ruled the world? Why haven't the mothers of the earth linked hands across the plains, the mountains, the seas, the deserts and cried, "There shall be no more war"?

What great power has been ours and how we have desecrated it! It was to us that God gave the precious gift of bearing children, yet we have not created gentle men.

Oh, God of mothers, in our ignorance what have we done? My restless conscience searches for the answer.

My son, my heart swells with pride at what you are. You have taken me on a far journey. The careful rearing, the cod-liver oil, the orange juice, the balanced meals, plenty of rest, exercise, the constant teaching by word and deed. "Feed your dog, Sonny, he depends on you; share your peanut-butter sandwich with Johnnie; it's time for Sunday school; do your algebra before you play ball; 'ain't' isn't a good word; you'll have to earn the money if you want another scooter."

So many hours, so many days and years of guiding and loving. Funny faces in the summer clouds, the wonder of your first hummingbird, the fields we've tramped, the streams we've fished. The desperate moments, the frantic prayers in the hospital while you were in surgery, the thankful prayers that your sight was spared when your eye was torn by that dog.

Shall all this, all these generations of know-how wrapped up in you, be sacrificed in the wanton waste of war? I have searched for the answer to your question, my son, and still must say, "I do not know."

But this I do know: My courage, born of mother love, defies the evilness that has made a mockery of the precious meaning of peace. There is no peace where fear stalks, no matter how soft its tread.

I know that God put the iron and uranium in the mountains, but it is man's hands that fashions them into bullets, bombs, or plowshares. God needs us as essentially as we need him, to bring about his kingdom on earth. We can't just throw up our hands and say, "Only God can prevent war."

I know there are laws in the world and man has been breaking himself on them. One of these laws is love. But we have lived with hate many centuries and have come to accept hate in the cloaks of survival, self-protection, security—call it what we will.

I know this law of love is a simple thing, yet we have such a complicated world. "To love the Lord with all thy might and to love thy neighbor as thyself." Man has never fulfilled the law, and I stand with the multitude of the guilty. Now I know this act of loving must begin with me. I must love everyone that God has created.

I know that I must pray: pray that I shall be guided in my loving, pray for those who are the leaders of our nations and direct our lives, pray that they shall know and keep the great commandment of love. I must speak out against the philosophy of hate wherever I find it, in my home, my community, my nation, and my world. I must seek out truth. I must seek out those with the courage to speak it.

I must love my neighbor and share with him. "Feed my sheep; if thine enemy hunger, feed him; do good to those that despitefully use you; witness to the end of the earth." My neighbor now is on the other side of the world, a doorstep away. The haves must share with humility and dignity with those who have not. And I am one of the haves of the world.

My questing has put my feet upon the lighted path of duty. Truth now shines a little brighter because you asked, "Mother, will I have to go to war?" I shall do what I must to make this world safer for you and sons like you.

As mine has been the greater responsibility for having, so shall yours be, for tomorrow the world will be your home.

It is not your destiny to die for your world, my son. Your destiny is to live.

Persecution, derision, hate: Nothing quenched the fire of faith in the soul of this crusader who founded Methodism. He was John Wesley—

Circuit Rider of the Centuries

By William F. McDermott

HE WAS just a little man on a big horse, but he rode his way into the heart of England—and, later, the world. Tuberculosis threatened him, fevers assailed him, mobs stoned him, high-church officials derided him—but with faith aflame, he rode resolutely on to become the founder of Methodism and the one who, historian William Lecky said, saved England from an uprising as bloody as the French Revolution.

Today, upwards of 10 million members in America acknowledge him as their spiritual leader. Colleges and universities are named for him; hospitals, homes for children and the aged, and countless churches bear his name. Student foundations are called after him. More of his followers are members of the U.S. Congress than those of any other religious grouping.

John Wesley was born in the humble rectory of Epworth, 150 miles north of London, June 28, 1703. The fifteenth of 19 children born to Parson Samuel Wesley of the Anglican (Episcopal) faith, and his brilliant wife, Susanna, John early displayed a spiritual quality that prompted his mother to write in her diary, "I do intend to be more particularly careful with the soul of this child."

She nurtured him and all the others who grew up—she lost nine in infancy—in an intelligent love of God and the desire to serve the needy; she taught them to be methodical, efficient, and idealistic.

A childhood disaster seared itself into the memory of little Jackie, as he was early known in the family. When he was six, a conflict between

The gang leader put his hand on Wesley's head—and became a crusader for Wesley's cause.

his father and some parishioners over draining and cultivating swamplands came to a head. One night, flames set by neighborhood ruffians destroyed the rectory. Parents and children rushed out.

By the light of the blaze, Samuel and Susanna Wesley were giving thanks that none had been lost, when there was the crash of glass and the screaming of a child. It was Jackie. The roar of the blaze had awakened him and, dragging a chest to the window to stand on, he had broken the glass and screamed for help. With flames leaping around him, the boy appeared doomed. But a quick-thinking neighbor climbed onto the shoulders of a friend and, reaching high, pulled the boy off the sill and handed him to his anguished parents.

John spoke of himself later as a "brand plucked from the burning"—and this became a favorite phrase for generations of Methodists. His mother impressed on him that God had delivered him from the fire to fulfill the destiny in store for him.

At 10 John went off to London to attend the famous Charterhouse school, whose historic lists carry the names of such men as William Thackeray, Sir William Blackstone, Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, and Roger Williams. He learned Greek and Hebrew, and at 17 was ready for Oxford. There he remained for most of the ensuing 15 years as student and teacher. At 23 he was elected to the faculty, a distinguished fellow of Lincoln College. Difficulties, however, beset him. His tuberculosis became so serious that once he plunged into a stream to stop the hemorrhage.

It was a wild-oats era for college men. Such serious-minded individuals as John and his brother, Charles, later to become the composer of thousands of hymns, found themselves out of step. A small group of them banded together to seek refuge in the study of the classics, but soon turned to religion. They practiced asceticism, visited the sick and imprisoned, and spent hours in prayer. Among the group was George Whitefield, destined to become a powerful religious leader on both sides of the Atlantic.

When missionaries were sought to serve in Georgia, John Wesley responded enthusiastically. A high churchman, he took with him all the appurtenances of formal religion. He enforced ecclesiastical discipline, introduced acts of penance, and emphasized the confessional. For those of the rough frontier who did not go along he refused Communion and Christian burial. Friction followed and the missionary returned to England embittered, frustrated—and pretty much a failure.

One bright thing stood out in Wesley's memory—association with a simple people of tranquil faith, the Moravians, whom he had met aboard ship. He recalled that in a storm which threatened disaster, they were as calm in spirit as a summer's day. They noticed his fear and agony.

"Why be disturbed by the waves and the winds?" they asked him. "God will take care of us all."

They had a peace he craved.

On the night of May 24, 1738, the despairing clergyman made his way to a London room where the Moravians gathered for prayer. Early that morning he had studiously read his Bible: a text stood out, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." That afternoon he had gone to St. Paul's. The first words of the anthem pounded into his soul: "Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice."

Someone was reading from the works of Martin Luther about the change God works in the human heart through Christ. Something came alive in the soul of Wesley.

"I felt my heart strangely warmed," he wrote of that experience. He was about to set out on his world-shaping career. George Whitefield, son of an inn tapster, had come up the rough-and-ready way and was then preaching to multitudes. He invited John to Bristol to share his "ministry of the open air."

Wesley was troubled. Preach outdoors, with a pile of stones for a pulpit? He, the high churchman, who felt that God could only be found within the walls of the sanctuary, was aghast, even though he saw the desperate need of the soul-starved throngs. Then he remembered One who had preached by the seashore and on a mountainside. And he made the decision.

It was a motley crew of grimy-faced, cynical, jeering workmen who

Circuit Rider of the Centuries

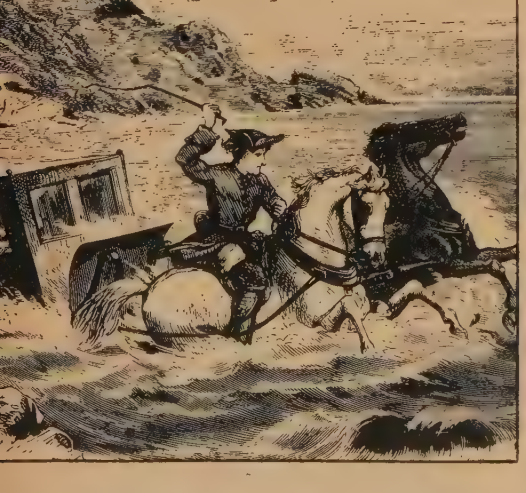
crowded about the fragile little man attempting to conduct his first service in the fields near the Kingswood collieries. Hardened miners, they considered themselves outcasts so far as religious groups were concerned. Others considered them depraved, abandoned souls. The church was as foreign to them as water to a desert.

"I could scarcely reconcile myself at first to this strange way of preaching in the fields," Wesley later recorded, "having all my life been so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin, if it had not been done in church."

Yet there was something about those untouchables that stirred Wesley. They were desperate men who cursed life. As the clergyman in his flowing robes climbed the stones, there were hoots and cries. What would he have to say?

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me," intoned the preacher in a clear, ringing voice, "because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

The words flowed to the outer rim of the throng. Wesley pleaded with his listeners to forsake their erring ways, talked the strange language of forgiveness, redemption, and hope. He so pictured the love of God for lost men, particularly for those right before him, that the evening breeze was stirred by one of the strangest sounds ever heard about a Kingswood colliery—the whispering rustle of men sobbing.



On one whirlwind tour, even rising seas across the Cornwall flats were unable to keep Wesley from a speaking engagement. (Taken from old sketch.)

Many sermons later, the crusading Wesley and his cohort Whitefield were able to report: "Kingswood does not now, as a year ago, resound with cursing and blasphemy. It is no more filled with drunkenness and uncleanness, and the idle diversions that naturally lead thereto. It is no longer filled with fights and bitterness. Peace and love are there."

London was the next objective of the little giant. Wesley stood but five feet four, but to those who heard him preach he assumed a massive stature. His hands were slender and delicate. His hair was long and silky. He wore a disarming smile, and gentleness was written in his countenance. If one word described him, it was compassion. Yet when in his fiery preaching his eyes flamed and his head moved in rhythm with his utterances, physical characteristics were forgotten in the presence of his spiritual might. Greatness of soul overcame slightness of body.

In London he subordinated theology and stressed a rigid routine of prayer and good works. This methodical procedure had already won for him at Oxford the derisive title of "Methodist"—destined to become one of the great names of Christendom. Wesley was not only a great preacher but also great in organizing and deputizing.

Before his career was to close, he was to blanket England—and to a lesser degree Ireland, Scotland, and Wales—with circuits of "preaching houses" manned by lay preachers. He didn't call his groups Methodist churches—that was to come later—but Methodist societies. In London the society took over an abandoned cannon factory known as the foundry and turned it into a tabernacle for worship. The first service drew probably 5,000. Headquarters for Wesley's revival were maintained in it 39 years. Today one of the nationally known congregations, in Washington, D.C., is known as Foundry Church.

Spreading Methodism's seeds: circuit rider Wesley preaches from saddle

Calls from spiritually starved people came to Wesley from all over Britain. Then he began his career as a parson of the saddlebags. He rose daily at 4 A.M., preached at 5, and was on the road by 6. He often covered 60 to 70 miles a day, invariably preaching three times. Once he rode horseback 250 miles in 48 hours! And he demanded as much Spartan labor of his hundreds of preachers as he did of himself. Rain, snow, fogs, blizzards, and floods were accounted incidental inconveniences in the work of redeeming England.

Even attacks by mobs were unacceptable excuses for default. With sadistic passion, gangs tried to break up the meetings of Wesley and his followers. Even the people in their daily living were stoned, and Charles Wesley insisted he could identify the homes of Methodists by the marks of missiles hurled against them.

The Methodists' ruthless denunciation of the immorality and drunkenness of the day aroused the fiercest type of hostility. Vicious animals were taken from bullbaiting rings and stampeded through crowds as they worshiped in the fields. Men on horseback plunged headlong into the throngs. Drunken gangs assaulted the assemblies with rocks and clubs, even filth. They tore down meeting-houses and burned converts' homes.

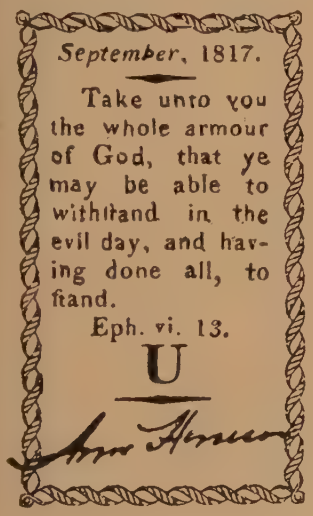
John Wesley was assaulted often and narrowly escaped death. Yet he never attempted self-defense. Once, in Staffordshire, a gang leader attacked him with a club; other thugs bombarded him with stones. Beaten to the ground, the preacher displayed

such calm and prayed with such earnestness that a hush fell upon the group. Suddenly the leader put his hand on Wesley's head.

"Sir," he said, "I will spend my life for you. Not one soul shall harm a hair of your head." And the mob leader reformed, became an exemplary citizen—and an ardent preacher under the Wesley banner. He was George Clifton, notorious tough and prize fighter. Force couldn't break him, but Wesley's courage and humility did.

On the site of another attack on Wesley and his outdoor worshipers in Staffordshire a Methodist chapel was built. And from that chapel came forth a convert in 1761—Francis Asbury, who was to become an incredible circuit rider and the pioneer "saddlebags bishop" of America.

Wesley's crusade was aptly timed for 18th-century England. The country had tobogganed to vulgarity, cruelty, cynicism, and corruption.


September, 1817.

Take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Eph. vi. 13.

U

Ticket of admission to old Methodist society.

Lawlessness ran riot. Turpitude infiltrated government and society. Wesley believed that regeneration began with the individual. A rotten citizenry meant a rotten state, he contended. His revival gave tremendous impetus to an awakening movement of decency, honesty, and goodness.

"The verdict of history, based on the long perspective and the logic of events," observed Lecky, "is that Wesley has wielded a wider constructive influence in the sphere of practical Christianity than any other man who has appeared since the 16th century."

Wesley turned his guns on the entrenched evils of his day, among them the vicious practice of slavery. He supported William Wilberforce, anti-slavery advocate, and let go a blast in 1774 in a famous document, *Thoughts Upon Slavery,* that had an influence similar to that of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in America.

The rotten prison system was another target. Wesley exposed the vile conditions and called on his preachers to inveigh against the evils. In one nine-month period, he visited 67 jails, preached to the inmates, and brought aid to thousands of convicts.

In 1761, he wrote a long letter of commendation to a London newspaper for the miraculous transformation of Newgate prison from a place of "filth, stench and wickedness" to a place that was "clean and sweet," where fighting and brawls had ceased, where prisoners were paid for their work, and where free medical care was given the sick. The key to that revolutionary improvement: the keeper was a convert of the Wesley revival!

The rough-and-tumble world in which John Wesley lived could never cause him to compromise his fierce devotion to learning. In the saddle he would read the classics or make notes for his daily journal. He studied five hours a day, mastered six languages, and reveled in their best literature.

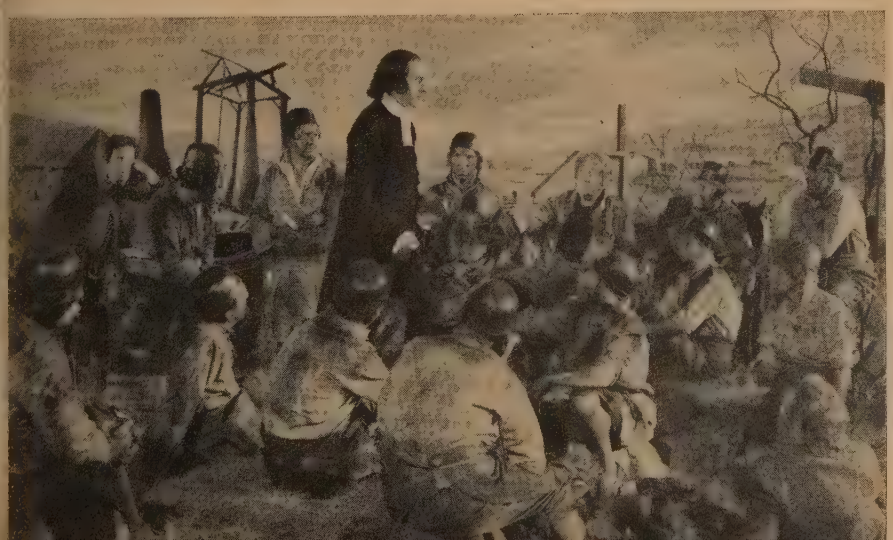
As a writer, his production was immense. He wrote a four-volume history of England, a two-volume work on natural philosophy, an English dictionary, and grammars for the Latin, Hebrew, Greek, English, and French languages; he compiled and published a 50-volume *Christian Library,* comprising a wide range of devotional literature, for his followers. He even had a section for the instruction of young ladies in boarding schools!

His best seller was a primitive medical booklet called *An Easy and Natural Method of Curing Most Diseases.* It stressed plain food, fresh air, abundant exercise, frequent bathing, and cultivation of a contented spirit. It greatly promoted sanitation and personal cleanliness, and advanced the general health of the English people. Its sale netted Wesley $150,000, which he plowed back into further publication of the book for free distribution.

The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says of this phase of Wesley's career: "No man in the 18th century did so much to create a taste for good reading."

Wesley's friendships were as wide as his interests. He was especially fond of Dr. Samuel Johnson, lexicographer, critic, and conversationalist, and they spent many hours conversing. Yet Johnson would get benevolently irritated with him—as when Wesley took off in the middle of a conversation to visit an old lady in need. Johnson scolded, yet honored him for hastening away.

Wesley was a phrase coiner as well. Some are maxims today. Witness: "Cleanliness is next to godliness"; "Think, and let think," and "Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the



Preaching to "outcast" miners. From J. Arthur Rank color film, John Wesley.

right hand of fellowship," which is carried on the masthead of TOGETHER.

On the social front Wesley's achievements were prodigious. He founded England's first free dispensary; established free feeding stations for disaster victims; wrote a legal document for acquiring houses, which lawyers have pronounced perfect; set up cotton-spinning shops for jobless men and knitting shops for women; established a "benevolent loan fund" to finance new enterprises, and founded the Strangers' Friend Society, which soon had branches throughout the country, to give relief to "poor, sick, friendless strangers"—with no questions asked!

Wesley carried on his ministry with vigor until along in his 80s. He kept up the unfailing pace of riding, preaching, writing, consulting, praying, serving. Milling crowds that once had stoned him assembled at roadsides just to gaze in awe as the "circuit rider of the centuries" passed by. People knelt on rough cobblestones and wept as Wesley conferred a benediction upon them. He gathered to himself 80,000 to 90,000 followers in Methodist societies through which he sought the salvation of man and society.

Even to the end of his 88th yea when feebleness finally conquere him, Wesley was preaching an writing daily. On his deathbed l called out, "Where is my sermon c the love of God? Take it and spre it abroad. Give it to everyone."

He ordered everything he had be given to the poor, and that in poverished men be paid to car his body to the grave. In keepin with his modest wishes, his boc was taken to the grave in secre He was buried one March mornin in 1791 before the day dawned, wit flickering torches affording the on light.

What Would Wesley Stand for Today?

FROM SUNUP TO SUNDOWN, in a day when most sensible folk stayed home, John Wesley jogged along the puddle-pocked, rutted roads of England, Scotland, and Ireland. For Methodists who know him, and his insistence on the religion of experience, he rides our freeways and expressways today, beckoning the church to get off the safety zone and down into the swirling, screeching traffic of human need. What would he do, and have us stand for in today's complicated world?

People Above Property

Blackened miners came to hear him when he preached at 5 o'clock in the morning. These Methodists with dirty faces knew that he cared for them, and he convinced them that God really cares.

He was a friend of the disinherited and dispossessed. He saw the human problems of the industrial revolution in tired old England and he led the way to a new appreciation of human personality. Unquestionably, Wesley prepared the ground for development of the British labor movement.

So, today, he would have some caustic things to say about poverty in the midst of plenty, want in the midst of abundance.

Human Equality

He fought human slavery, which was legal in his day. "Are we not brethren, the children of one Father?" he asked. "Ought we not, then, to love one another? And should we only love them that love us? Is that acting like our Father, which is in heaven?"

What other nations, or other social orders, or other churches do would not concern him so much as what we, God's people, do here and now.

God in Our Schools

Wesley knew something of the battle for men's minds in his day; he would be quick to see that the same headline-catching struggle has taken on world-wide proportions in ours. The big drive to secularize ambitions, motives, goals, and vocations has been stepped up.

Wesley, who patiently and laboriously collected the money for founding religion-centered schools, would have some stern advice for all who are connected in any way with our colleges and universities. He would insist that learning be joined with "vital piety."

Freedom of Spirit

Although he was sometimes accused of "popery" and derided as a "papist," he was the stanchest of Protestants. He wanted no doctrinal strait jacket or ecclesiastical embroidery. His preaching and teaching did much to strengthen the whole Free Church (free of government support and control) movement, and actually helped produce Victorian noncomformity.

To Methodists bent on dividing their church into opposing camps, he would probably repeat his stinging words: "The thing which I was greatly afraid of all this time, and which I resolved to use every possible method of preventing, was a narrowness of spirit, a party zeal, a being straitened in our own bowels; that miserable bigotry which makes many so unready to believe that there is any work of God but among themselves."

Faith in Prayer

He would be alarmed at the pun spiritual biceps of most present-da Methodists, and he would tell us tha we cannot expect to have strong mu cles without exercise. He would recom mend the vitamins of Bible reading an the peace of mind that comes from co stant prayer. He did not say it, but h firmly believed that "a man is neve taller than when he is on his knee before God."

Hear what he wrote after readin William Law's *Christian Perfection* an *Serious Call:* "These convinced me more than ever, of the absolute im possibility of being half a Christian and I determined, through his grac (the absolute necessity of which I an deeply sensible of) to be all-devoted t God; to give him all my soul, my body and my substance."

Church Leadership

Of war, which was more popular in his day than ours, he said: "From whence comes that complication of al the miseries incident to human nature —war? Is it not from the temper 'which war in the soul'? When nation rises up against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, does it not necessarily imply pride, ambition, coveting what is another's; or envy, or malice, or revenge, on one side, if not both?"

John Wesley believed in the ability of the church, under God's leadership, to confront and solve the most difficult problems. The church, as he saw it, was never intended to be a safe and secure retreat from the world that God sent his Son to save.

—T. OTTO NALL

Did They Really Have a Romance?

From *The Ten Commandments.*

By DOROTHY CLARKE WILSON

Here is an authoritative answer from the novelist who wrote Prince of Egypt. *The author is the wife of Elwin L. Smith, the district superintendent of the Bangor, Me., district.*

WAS THERE really a romance between Moses and the Princess Nefretiri, later the wife of Rameses the Great and queen of Egypt?

Of the millions of Americans who will see *The Ten Commandments,* a few hundred thousand probably will ask this question. And, since it is from my novel, *Prince of Egypt,* that the film borrowed this romance, perhaps it is up to me to answer it.

Certainly there is no mention of Nefretiri (whose name also is spelled several other ways) in the biblical account, found in Exodus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. Here we find reference to only two women in whom Moses apparently had romantic interest, and both of whom he married: Zipporah, daughter of the Midian priest, Jethro, and a mysterious "Cushite woman" referred to in Numbers 12:1, the cause of friction between him and his family.

How about other sources? There are many—historical, legendary, archaeological. The Jewish historian, Josephus, writing his *Antiquities of the Jews* in the first century, embellishes the biblical story of Moses with many details, including marriage to an Ethiopian princess named Tharbis —possibly the "Cushite woman." I adapted Josephus' colorful account of this romance with as much faithfulness of detail as possible in *Prince of Egypt.* But Josephus makes no mention of Nefretiri. Neither do any of the thousands of legends found in Jewish and Islamic lore.

In fact, it is not even known for a certainty that Moses and the Egyptian queen were contemporaneous. Nefretiri, who was both sister and wife of Rameses II, married him in the first year of his reign. She can be accurately dated within the lifetime of that monarch, from about 1318 to 1234 BC. But scholars are by no means agreed on the date of Moses.

I learned this to my sorrow. After researching for six months and developing a framework of plot about the traditional chronology, which dated the Exodus at about 1225 BC. I went to consult my Old Testament expert and adviser. He soon exploded my bubble of accomplishment.

"But," I protested in bewilderment, "I was following your own chronology, printed in ——" and I quoted a famous Bible commentary.

He smiled. "That was written some years ago," he replied. "Recent discoveries now lead me to feel that the Exodus occurred about 1295 BC."

More months of delving while I studied all the evidence I could find. Books, pamphlets, articles—dozens of them, many highly conflicting and confusing!

Finally I came to the conclusion that my adviser, whose opinion was shared by a large number of other Old Testament scholars, was probably right, and I proceeded to thrust my hero back three quarters of a century and think out my whole approach anew. The result: Many of the plot elements now found in *The Ten Commandments,* including the rivalry of Moses and Rameses for the throne and the romance of Moses and Nefretiri.

No, there is no basis whatever in any of the sources for such a romance. But it *could* have happened. If Moses grew up in the palace in the reign of Seti I, what could be more natural than for him to fall in love with the royal family's most beautiful and desirable princess?

Desirable, certainly. Heiress to the kingdom of both north and south, it was doubtless she who bestowed on her husband his royal title of Lord of the Two Lands. And that she was beautiful is attested by the many sculptured likenesses of her that still remain, as purely chiseled as if carved only yesterday. Proud, delicately austere, with wide brow, strongly molded cheekbones, aquiline nose, she might almost have posed for that remarkable bust of her namesake, Akhnaton's queen, who had lived half a century earlier—a masterpiece still considered one of the finest models of art and beauty.

Moses and Nefretiri? Possible, if not probable. And surely more credible than some of the legends, based on no biblical source, which have grown up about the person of the great lawgiver. .

With his son, 11-year-old David, the country parson is raising another fine flock of sheep on his farm in east-central Ohio.

Called 19 years ago to a one-room church in rural Ohio, Russell Hoy gained outstanding ministerial success as a—

Preacher in Overalls

By Herman B. Teeter

EVERY ONCE in a while in Coshocton County, Ohio, it is rumored that Russell Hoy will be moved to another church. But his parishioners never believe a word of it.

"Why, the preacher can't move," they'll tell you. "His corn is planted, his garden is up, he has about 200 baby chicks—"

Unlike the Methodist minister who complains he isn't allowed to stay in one place long enough to set a hen, much less wait for the eggs to hatch, the Rev. Russell Hoy has for 19 years remained firmly rooted in rural Coshocton County as pastor of the Canal Lewisville Methodist Church.

Actually, the state of Hoy's garden or corn has nothing to do with it. Nor is it exactly true, as he sometimes says jokingly, that his two favorite hymns are *I Shall Not Be Moved* and *A Charge to Keep I Have.*

The reasons behind Hoy's extraordinary tenure as a country parson at one church are much broader and more significant.

At 52, Hoy is an intense, medium-sized man with brown eyes and dark, graying hair. He "stepped down" from a city church to his rural ministry. Now he finds himself as much at home on a tractor as in the pulpit—and he believes firmly that both have their place in his ministry.

Back in 1938, Hoy was comfortably situated in a 500-member church in the historic county-seat town of McConnelsville, Ohio. He was young and the future appeared to hold "bigger and better" churches for him. Nevertheless, he sought out his

bishop and requested assignment to a rural church.

"I've had an awful lot of preachers ask for promotions," the astonished bishop remarked, "but you're the first fellow who ever asked to be demoted."

In many ways, Canal Lewisville was a demotion; the church, a one-room building with sagging corners and a broken, stained-glass window; the membership, without enthusiasm and down to a total of 90 members; the promised salary, $550 a year.

"No minister had ever made his home in the community," Hoy recalled recently. "There had been talk of closing the church for good. A minister who could live on the land was needed in Canal Lewisville."

At first, Hoy rented a fruit farm about four miles from the church. The next year the church rented a house and a lot with a small barn in the village and three acres adjoining. The preacher and Mrs. Hoy moved, taking with them a cow, 50 chickens, and several hogs. Then Hoy, a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University and Garrett Biblical Institute, did a surprising thing.

He hired out as a farm hand.

Day after day, in the fields, he worked with the farmers. He worked in the wheat fields, the oat fields, the hay fields. He cut corn and helped fill silos. He plowed, he grubbed saplings out of new ground.

"No," he says with a smile, "I didn't take money for my work. It was a barter arrangement of sorts. I'd receive grain—a sack of oats or a bushel of corn. When I helped Jacob Wolfe put up 50 loads of hay, he gave me all the hay I needed for my cows. And by that time I had three."

At first the farmers of Coshocton County looked on with amazement. When Raymond Giebe saw his preacher-hired hand keeping pace with other workers in his fields, he remarked:

"Brother Hoy, you are the best wheat shocker I ever had. When you shock them, they stay shocked."

Says Vernon Dreher, a farmer who has become a leader in the church: "He was as good a hand as you would ever want to put in the field. A lot of us came to hear Russell Hoy preach after we'd worked with him in the fields. Then, after we'd heard him preach, we'd keep coming to church. We felt at home with him."

To augment a small cash income, the Hoys sold milk. In the early days of his ministry at Canal Lewisville, they also sold eggs for 13 cents a dozen. Within three years they were able to move to the present 10-acre farm on RFD 3, Coshocton, about a mile from the church. Hoy borrowed money to buy land and build the parsonage. The church provides $660 a year toward the upkeep of the house he built.

How did Russell Hoy get his church work done? Neighbors point out that this country preacher's method of combining farm and church work is unique.

"When he first came to Canal Lewisville," one parishioner recalled, "he'd often make the rounds on foot,

The Canal Lewisville Methodist Church is thriving today, but once there was talk of closing its doors. Services now draw visitors from throughout Ohio.

Hoy, who has been at work on his farm, drops by the home of a neighbor for a visit and a few words of prayer.

calling on the sick, comforting the bereaved, talking church business and religion. He'd be working in the field when he heard about a sick neighbor. He'd tie his horses to the fence and walk over for a visit. Usually he'd be wearing overalls and work shoes—and I don't recall anybody objecting to the way he was dressed."

Once, hearing a neighbor had died suddenly, Hoy struck out on his tractor to visit the widow. He was there when the undertaker first arrived.

"I think that was the first time the undertaker had ever seen a preacher in overalls," Hoy says.

Another time, while grubbing out some bushes in his pasture, he broke a log chain. He put the horses in the barn and started out to borrow a chain from a neighbor. On the way he stopped to chat with a church member who was feeding cattle. Then he went on, borrowed the chain, and stayed around to talk over church finances—the neighbor who owned the chain was then the treasurer. Returning home, he stopped to look over a flock of sheep.

"I was gone about two hours," Hoy says. "Now I leave it to you to judge whether I was doing farm or church work."

From the first, it was apparent

Hoy talks crops with Earl Troendly and Earl McConnell, two Canal Lewisville farmers, whose interests he shares.

that more was going on at the church than preaching and Sunday school. The old building was soon repaired. Volunteers raised the structure and excavated a basement. A two-story educational unit was added. "We did it," the minister recalls, "with a little money and a lot of faith."

Less than two years after Hoy arrived, the remodeled church was rededicated. "We had a full basement, kitchen, furnace room, and social and dining room, a redecorated sanctuary, and six rooms for classes. The entire cost was $5,250, and in three years the entire church debt was paid."

Attendance and membership zoomed. The rejuvenated church today has a membership of 350.

"But not all of us were Methodists," says Vernon Dreher, the lay leader. "There were 14 denominations represented. I come from a Lutheran family, for example. The church is a community endeavor—as are many of the other projects Russell Hoy has helped bring about."

In 1944 Hoy felt that the church "was not adequately reaching the young people of our community." Working through the church, the local Grange backed a livestock 4-H Club of 24 young people. This project continues to grow.

Such endeavors stem from Hoy's conviction that great opportunities exist for the farm-minded minister in the rural church.

"But he must identify himself with his people," Hoy declares. "I believe that my people feel that I have a better understanding of their problem because I am earning at least a part of my living on the land.

"I believe that for a rural minister a small farm and a home of his own are most desirable. Nowadays this is about the only way rural folk can have a regular minister and receive the service enjoyed by the city churches."

While not all qualified ministers grew up on the farm, as Hoy did, many do have such backgrounds. "I am convinced that ministerial success lies not necessarily in a city pulpit, but can be achieved in a small rural church."

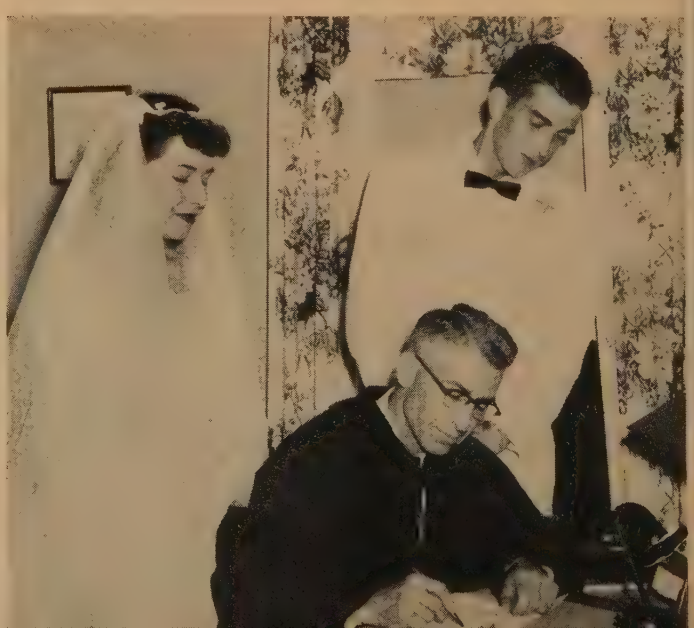
One of three sons of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hoy, he grew up in northeastern Ohio. His father, who died a few years ago, was both a farmer and a rural mail carrier who wanted his boys to become farmers. Russell was the only one interested, but when he was 17, he was called into the ministry.

The father, secretly proud, liked to tell others: "He's the only boy I have who wanted to learn to farm—and he had to make a preacher!"

But Frank Hoy lived to see his son combine both into a successful rural ministry which has become widely recognized. Ohio Wesleyan awarded Hoy an honorary degree at the same time as Herbert Hoover, Lowell Thomas, and Robert A. Taft.

In his experience, the rural church makes for a longer pastorate. "It takes years of living with people to

Believing the rural pastor should identify himself with the interests and work of his people, Hoy carries his ministry from farm to pulpit, puts emphasis on the character-building benefits of rural life to youth. Above, he enjoys a game of blindman's buff with his church's MYF group; below, with daughter, son-in-law.



gain their utmost confidence. Why should a rural minister be an opportunist, seeking every chance to gain a financial promotion, to be appointed to a 'bigger field'? As a wise old bishop said to a young preacher who apologized for his little country church: 'My young brother, there are no small churches.' Yes, I believe wherever there is human need, there is a 'large field.'"

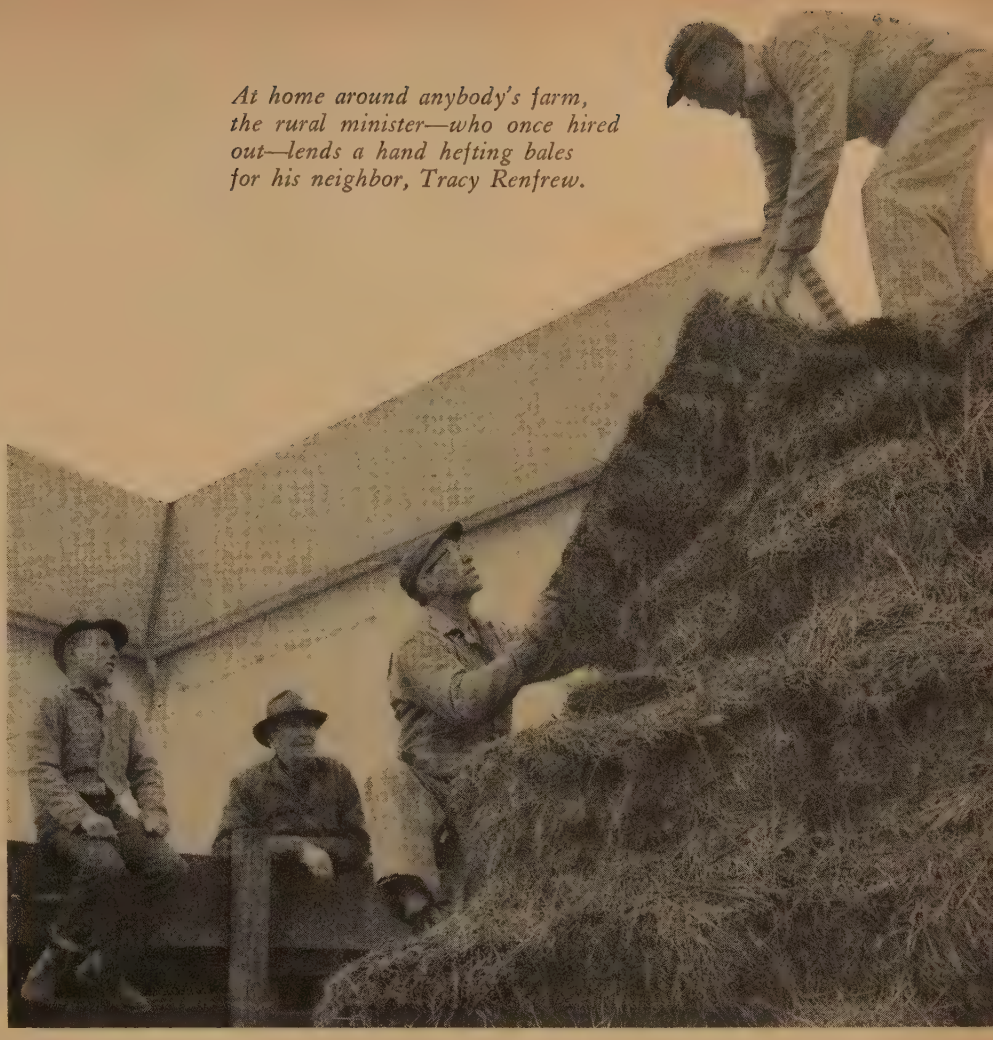
Ohio wasn't long in recognizing Hoy's activities in the rural field. His parish now extends, literally, throughout the state. In 1945, he was selected from among all the ministers of Ohio to write *The Ohio Farmer*'s religious column, "The Country Parson Ponders." The journal, which goes into 150,000 farm homes twice a month, has found Hoy's column to be one of its most popular features. In his writing, as in his preaching and everyday activities, Russell Hoy stays close to the land.

He likes to preach conservation in his writing. For example: "It is heartening to see the increasing interest in the conservation of our natural resources. Some day we will all learn that the earth is the Lord's, and that it is a part of our religion to treat the holy earth as becoming good stewards of Jesus Christ. . . ."

Living close to nature, Hoy frequently writes of the beauties of the seasons. Witness this passage: "There is a touch of autumn in the air these days. The cool nights, the early morning haze and some falling leaves remind us that we don't have much summer left . . . Fields are being prepared for early wheat and rye sowing . . . The housewife is busy canning beans, tomatoes, and corn . . . Peaches, melons and cucumbers demand our attention as they appear on our table . . . In our hearts there is a thankfulness for the blessings which kind Providence has bestowed upon us."

Again: "When you gaze upon a green meadow or look toward the hills, or see a distant tree or sunset, and feel the presence of the Eternal, you are paying a debt to yourself which no one else can pay."

Or: *"Beautiful Christian lives may be likened to beautiful gardens and lawns. Lives, like lawns, require constant cultivation. They cannot grow beautiful from just one hour of Sunday cultivation."*



At home around anybody's farm, the rural minister—who once hired out—lends a hand hefting bales for his neighbor, Tracy Renfrew.

In addition to many commencement addresses and talks before farm groups, Hoy has served as chaplain of the Ohio State Grange for 15 years. His latest honor was election to the State Board of Education from his district. Once a month he goes to Columbus to meet with the board. Seated with other members, the well-dressed Hoy looks more like a college professor or lawyer than the preacher who turned out to be one of the best wheat shockers in Coshocton County.

While these activities take him out of overalls much of the time, and call for some 30,000 miles of travel a year, the center of Russell Hoy's life remains in his rural church and its many activities.

And the little house on the hillside near Coshocton is home.

Hoy stood on his lawn one spring day. He looked out across the fields that soon would yield potatoes, melons, wheat, oats, clover, and alfalfa. On every side of the broad, sweeping valley are heavily timbered hills of oak, maple, elm, ash, walnut, and sycamore.

He told how his son, 11-year-old David, has decided to become a farmer. Already the lad is beginning to shoulder many chores, giving Hoy more time to devote to his numerous off-the-farm activities. An elder daughter, Jean, resides in Kaloma, Mich., and two other daughters, Mary, 14, and Judy, 17, live at home.

"We mowed the briers to mark the place for our house," he said fondly. "Here our church officials met one Sunday evening and held the dedication service. Here we planted trees, shrubs, and flowers. Here our four children were raised. Here we work and play with our pets and say our prayers."

He paused and looked toward the small town where the tall, white spire of his church rises high above the trees.

"And here is the answer to the prayers we said long ago."

What is a Girl?

LITTLE GIRLS are the nicest things that happen to people. They are born with a little bit of angel-shine about them and, though it wears thin sometimes, there is always enough left to lasso your heart—even when they are sitting in the mud, or crying temperamental tears, or parading up the street in mother's best clothes.

A little girl can be sweeter (and badder) oftener than anyone else in the world. She can jitter around and make funny noises that frazzle your nerves, yet just when you open your mouth she stands there demure. A girl is innocence playing in the mud, beauty standing on its head, and motherhood dragging a doll by the foot.

Girls are available in five colors—black, white, red, yellow, or brown—yet Mother Nature always manages to select your favorite color when you place your order. They disprove the law of supply and demand—there are millions of little girls, but each is as precious as rubies.

God borrows from many creatures to make a little girl. He uses the song of a bird, the squeal of a pig, the stubbornness of a mule, the antics of a monkey, the spryness of a grasshopper, the curiosity of a cat, the speed of a gazelle, the slyness of a fox, the softness of a kitten, and to top it all off he adds the mysterious mind of a woman.

A little girl likes new shoes, party dresses, small animals, first-grade noisemakers, the girl next door, dolls, make-believe, dancing lessons, ice-cream parlors, coloring books, make-up, cans of water, going visiting, tea parties, and one boy. She doesn't care so much for visitors, boys in general, large dogs, hand-me-downs, straight chairs, vegetables, snowsuits, or staying in the front yard. She is loudest when you are thinking, the prettiest when she has provoked you, the busiest at bedtime, the quietest when you want to show her off, and the most flirtatious when she absolutely must not get the best of you again.

Who else can cause you more grief, joy, irritation, satisfaction, embarrassment, and genuine delight than this combination of Eve, Salome, and Florence Nightingale? She can muss up your home, your hair, and your dignity—spend your money, your time, and your temper—then just when your patience is ready to crack, her sunshine peeks through and you've lost again.

Yes, she is a nerve-racking nuisance, just a noisy bundle of mischief. But when your dreams tumble down and the world is a mess—when it seems you are pretty much of a fool after all—she can make you a king when she climbs on your knee and whispers, "I love you best of all!"

READER'S CHOICE Think of something unforgettable you've read. Send the title, author, place, and date of publication to TOGETHER's Reader's Choice Editor. If you are first to nominate a feature that we reprint, you will receive $25. This month's Reader's Choice was written by Alan Beck for the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, with whose permission we reproduce it for you.

What is a Boy?

BETWEEN the innocence of babyhood and the dignity of manhood we find a delightful creature called a boy. Boys come in assorted sizes, weights, and colors, but all boys have the same creed: to enjoy every second of every minute of every hour of every day and to protest with noise (their only weapon) when their last minute is finished and the adult males pack them off to bed.

Boys are found everywhere—on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, running around, or jumping to. Mothers love them, little girls hate them, older sisters and brothers tolerate them, adults ignore them, and heaven protects them. A boy is truth with dirt on its face, beauty with a cut on its finger, wisdom with bubble gum in its hair, and the hope of the future with a frog in its pocket.

When you are busy, a boy is an inconsiderate, bothersome, intruding jangle of noise. When you want him to make a good impression, his brain turns to jelly or else he becomes a savage, sadistic, jungle creature bent on destroying the world and himself with it.

A boy is a composite: he has the appetite of a horse, the digestion of a sword swallower, the energy of a pocket-size atomic bomb, the curiosity of a cat, the lungs of a dictator, the imagination of a Paul Bunyan, the shyness of a violet, the audacity of a steel trap, the enthusiasm of a firecracker and, when he makes something, he has five thumbs on each hand.

He likes ice cream, knives, saws, Christmas, comic books, the boy across the street, woods, water (in its natural habitat), large animals, Dad, trains, Saturday mornings, and fire engines. He is not much for Sunday school, company, schools, books without pictures, music lessons, neckties, barbers, girls, overcoats, adults, or bedtime.

Nobody else is so early to rise, or so late to supper. Nobody else gets so much fun out of trees, dogs, and breezes. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a rusty knife, a half-eaten apple, three feet of string, an empty Bull Durham sack, two gumdrops, six cents, a slingshot, a chunk of unknown substance, and a genuine supersonic code ring with a secret compartment.

A boy is a magical creature. You can lock him out of your workshop, but you can't lock him out of your heart. You can get him out of your study, but you can't get him out of your mind. Might as well give up—he is your captor, your jailer, your boss, and your master—a freckled-face, pint-sized, cat-chasing bundle of noise. But when you come home at night with only the shattered pieces of your hopes and dreams, he can mend them like new with two magic words: "Hi, Dad!"

A report from leading churchmen . . .

Is the Churchgoing Boom Real?

By Claude Stanush
(*former religion editor of* Life)
and Carl Sjostrom

AMERICANS by the millions have been taking part in a much-advertised "return to the churches." But what does this "boom" mean? Has filling churches on Sunday brought fundamental changes in thinking and behavior of average Americans? To seek light on these questions, we have talked to 20 outstanding theologians and clergymen.

They are deeply concerned. They doubt that the great increase in institutional religion means a deepening of religiousness. The National Council of Churches goes right to the heart of the matter in a message to major Protestant and Orthodox denominations in America, saying:

"When we consider how little it costs to be counted among the church members in our country today, we are troubled. . . . The average church member is not conspicuously different from the average non-member. The average church is so much conformed to the world that people are surprised if it sharply challenges the prevailing behavior of the community. Consequently, Christianity is regarded by many as a 'harmless adornment of a comfortable life.'"

Why does church membership "cost" so little? To this key question the theologians gave almost unanimous answer.

When Christianity was first founded, they say, one risked his life to be a Christian because Christianity threw uncompromising challenges at a powerful and hostile community. But in America today, it is much more dangerous—socially, politically, and economically—to be an atheist than a Christian. Why? The National Council assures that American churches do not effectively challenge either the thinking and behavior of their members or the benign environment in which they prosper.

In the old-time religious revivals, a new church member usually had to show evidence of having suffered a powerful spiritual experience that had brought him to the "new life"—an inner conversion that descended upon him like a lightning bolt. His entire life thenceforth was to be marked by a profound change of behavior. Today many ministers expect a new church member to do little more than be sociable and remember the collection plate.

Once church members in America considered themselves a body apart from the rest of the community, not in self-righteousness but in responsibility. They were expected to set a living example of religious ethic for their neighbors—to be the "light," the "leaven," the "yeast" of the world. Today, as the National Council and the theologians imply, this light is dim and the yeast is weak.

Not only have churches lost initiative in bringing social advances to the nation, they say, but they even lag. Integration in churches is far behind the armed forces, the federal government, the schools, private business, the entertainment world, and even baseball. On the excruciating issue of war, churches have gone through several "agonizing reappraisals" but always seem to follow rather than lead public opinion, approving war when popular opinion is for war and condemning war when public opinion is against it.

On the issue of sexual equality, the churches also lag. There are thousands upon thousands of women doctors, lawyers, schoolteachers, and business executives, but relatively few church elders and ministers. "The churches are the last stronghold of the male in our society," declares Dr. Georgia Harkness, one of the

few women theologians in the U.S., in the Pacific School of Religion. Only last May did her denomination, The Methodist Church, at its General Conference in Minneapolis, remove the final barrier for women ministers.

On intellectual and theological levels the churches also trail. America has profound, tough-minded theologians but there is a vast gap between them and the local churches. Most laymen, and perhaps ministers, know more about Liberace than they do about such theological scholars as Paul Tillich, Robert Calhoun, and the Niebuhrs—Reinhold and Richard.

One result is that churches "no longer shape and dominate modern minds," comments Dr. Wilhelm Pauck of Union Theological Seminary. Who then does? "Secular thinkers like Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud, and Albert Einstein," he answers.

American churchgoers may be shocked to hear that their thinking has been influenced by Karl Marx, the godfather of Communism, but where people, under the influence of the Bible, once saw world history moving under the guidance and providence of God, many now see world events largely determined by economics and the seesaw between have and have-not nations. And, under Sigmund Freud's influence human behavior is explained largely in psychological terms rather than judged in moralistic terms. Thus, the traditional religious concept of sin and personal responsibility has been shaken.

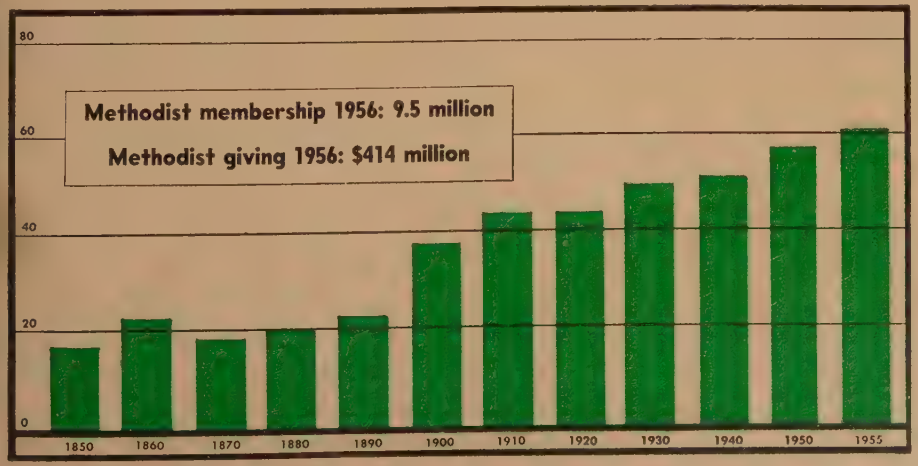
Seldom now do we think of the earth in the center of creation with a heaven above it and a hell below; we turn rather to Albert Einstein's universe. In it the earth is but a speck of cosmic dust lost in an abyss of giant stars and strange worlds. It's to this universe that modern minds thrill, and the churches take cognizance of it. (For example, the Vatican reportedly is planning to send two Jesuits to the first planet found to be inhabited by rational beings.)

Dr. Pauck amplifies the churches' intellectual plight by pointing out that even when an American conscientiously talks in religious terms today, he often subconsciously acts and reacts according to a different set of attitudes and values (primarily the attitudes and values of the secular community). The "return to the churches" thus may be likened to a shallow current of religious interest floating upon the surface of a deep sea of secular thinking and doing.

Recently, 30 outstanding Americans listed the 100 most significant events in history. Columbus' discovery of America was placed first, Gutenberg's development of movable type second. Fourteenth place was given to the birth or Crucifixion of Christ—tying with the discovery of X rays and the Wright brothers' first plane flight. Bibles are selling at an all-time high, but 53 per cent of persons questioned in a recent public-opinion poll could not name one of the Four Gospels!

U. S. Church Membership Zooms

Source: Yearbook of American Churches



President Eisenhower probably spoke for most Americans when he declared, "Recognition of the Supreme Being is the first, the most basic, expression of Americanism." Yet the question must still be asked whether the belief in God derives from Americanism, or Americanism derives from a belief in God.

"God is one element in American life," concedes Dr. Tillich, eminent theologian at Harvard Divinity School, "but not *the* most important element. That ultimate concern, which is my definition of religion, does not shine through very clearly in the American culture."

AN EXAMPLE of what Dr. Tillich is talking about can be observed at inter-faith meetings held among American Protestants, Catholics, and Jews. In European countries, particularly in Germany, such inter-faith meetings discuss differing points of doctrine. In America they are devoted almost entirely to civic questions: to discuss a community clean-up campaign, to raise money for polio research, to celebrate Brotherhood Week. A few jokes may be cracked about Jewish koshering of food or Catholics eating fish on Friday, but nobody is supposed to ask why Jews kosher food or why Catholics eat fish on Friday.

Religious tolerance is a good thing. Too often, however, tolerance is simply a nicer word for indifference, say the theologians. They believe that to leave God out of the conversation, except to call upon him to bless America or to bless some political campaign, or to bless the sumptuous food on the banquet table, tends to leave us with childish, empty, and even sacrilegious notions.

"Americans worship God," states the Rev. Andre Trocme, a visiting minister of the French Reformed Church. "But what God? The pragmatic God of John Dewey or the God of traditional Christianity? The God of judgment or the God of the American way of life?"

This concern over *what* God Americans worship has prompted the National Council of Churches to ask whether Christianity has become merely an adornment to a comfortable way of life. Because of our national prosperity and because we

have long been spared the scourge of war on our own shores, we Americans tend not to look toward heaven for our ultimate happiness. From our religion we demand justification rather than condemnation of the good things of life. We want our pie now, not in the sky by-and-by.

Martin Luther preached that the good things of this world are truly good and as such are meant to be enjoyed. But we have gone too far, says theologian Reinhold Niebuhr, in translating the spiritual or otherworldly promises of the gospel into this-worldly terms. We have made "success" in this world a substitute for "salvation" in the next; we seek after "fun" instead of "joy"; the fear of boredom has replaced the fear of damnation; "peace of mind" becomes a pale counterpart of the peace which passeth understanding, and "the pearl of great price" is right there on Fifth Avenue in Tiffany's window.

Strongest indication that our present religiosity is not correctly focused, suggest the theologians, is the lack of joyousness. Conversion to religiousness should be marked by joyous exultation. But, despite prosperity and churchgoing, many Americans are restless, lonely, unhappy.

How to explain all our outer energy and busyness with the inner emptiness and ennui? Dr. Tillich believes it is because we have actually become "estranged" from God. In our quest for success in this world, he says, we have forgotten why we were created in the first place.

Traditional Judaeo-Christian religion offers the peace that passeth understanding. But the 20 scholars interviewed emphasized that it offers this peace only to those who love God. The cost of loving God is more than simply belonging to a church. Going into a church, as the late Billy Sunday put it characteristically, no more makes a man a Christian than going into a garage makes him an automobile. It is more than putting a dollar in the collection plate every Sunday or contributing to the Community Chest (all tax deductible).

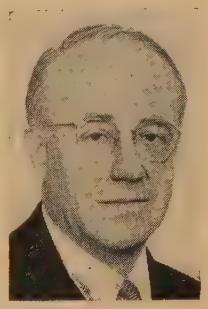
Some people say it is too much to expect the average, harassed citizen to give up everything in order to obey Christ's command to "Be ye perfect, even as my father in heaven is perfect." Because it seems impossible, some people say Christ was not serious when he asked men to "be perfect" and to give up all to follow him. Others say he was deluded. Many psychiatrists, for example, maintain it is healthiest for people to abandon standards of conduct they are simply unable to attain.

The traditional Judaeo-Christian answer to such criticism is that the very power of the religious faith lies in its unattainability. For what man professing this ethic, no matter how

MIDMONTH POWWOW

READERVIEWS

How accurate are the authors' evaluations? We've asked two bishops to give their views—and here is what they think.



Bishop Donald H. Tippett of California: Many "have lost their way and . . . are seeking help" in churches.

Stanush and Sjostrom have written a timely article with much of which I am in agreement. However, while I concur with the National Council that "Christianity is regarded by many as a 'harmless adornment of a comfortable life,'" I am convinced that such a statement does not apply to many others who also help to swell church membership and attendance today.

Moreover, this "boom" did not come upon us suddenly. The Methodist Church shows an increase of 123.47 per cent, but this came so gradually over 50 years that it is perhaps erroneous to call it a boom at all.

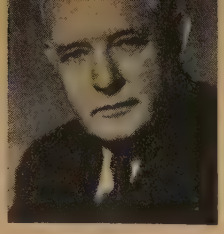
A glance at history helps to explain the so-called boom. Until the end of World War I, America enjoyed an almost unbroken series of successes. These produced a spirit of unbeatable optimism. The decisive role we played in both world wars, however, catapulted us into world leadership with scant preparation. Our new responsibilities weighed heavily, driving us to a critical introspection. What we discovered compelled us to change our estimate of human nature itself. We had tried to ignore man's sinfulness, but it didn't work.

Dachau and Buchenwald convinced us of the "sinfulness of sin." This discovery, the depression, the atom bomb, and our personal and national introspection left us depressed, frustrated, and filled with apprehension. Vast numbers of our contemporaries have lost their nerve and their way, and, conscious of it, are seeking help wherever they have reason to believe they will find it—many by going to church.

The authors say that Marx, more than our Christian thinkers, is shaping the minds of our churchgoers. I don't agree. Let us not forget that the influence of John Calvin and John Locke upon Jefferson and Madison is still felt today, and the spirit of the Puritans and of other religious leaders still weighs heavily in that part of the world called "free."

Centuries ago the New Testament faced the challenge laid down by economic determinism and concluded that while man cannot subsist without bread, neither can he live by bread alone.

—Bishop Donald H. Tippett
San Francisco, Calif.



Bishop Arthur J. Moore of Atlanta: "Our chance to renew the springs of religious life."

I don't see why we should look upon this surge of humanity about our church doors with suspicion. To me it is not an outward and superficial demonstration, but the visible evidence that many have heard the whisperings of the divine voice. These multitudes have come to say, "We would see Jesus."

For a long time our generation was engaged in a whirl of movements. We talked about the principles of human psychology, the unconquerable will of man, and of our mastery over our own souls. But at last a great mass of experience awakened us to the mystery and burden of life. We discovered that our short-sighted plans, our chaotic readings of God's purpose for our lives, left us uncertain amid the perplexities of the present.

Then something happened. Call it what you will; I call it the wooings of God's Spirit. Men were made aware that nothing less than the triumphant faith of those who trust in the Lord would give them the peace and power they so sorely needed.

One could hardly claim yet that we are in the midst of a revival, but undoubtedly we are witnessing a quickened interest in things spiritual. If men are not athirst for living waters, they are at least confessing that the cisterns they have hewn for themselves are broken. We have about us a bewildered and dissatisfied world, and it is the business of the Church to bring it into a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

It is evident that for preachers and people alike the urgency of soul which characterized our fathers must be recovered. We must speak again of the ghastly reality of sin, the atonement of Christ, of justification by faith, of the eternal profit of goodness, and of the everlasting loss to those who will not have Christ. Our gospel must be suited to the anguish of these times. But we will not help the seeking man to find God by underestimating his need for redemption or by declaring that the cross is only an example of how a good man could bear pain. Here is our chance to renew the springs of religious life and thereby to lift the level of moral and spiritual life perceptibly higher than it has been.

—Bishop Arthur J. Moore
Atlanta, Ga.

good, can call himself righteous? What culture, no matter how fine, is not found wanting? It is the one ethic which leaves no room for smugness and complacency. By shattering men's pride, it brings to mankind that humility which is the beginning both of wisdom and religiousness.

Secular American culture—apart from any religious connotations—has achieved a high plateau of social ethics with its benefits for the unemployed and the aged, its free public education for rich and poor alike, its public hospitals for the incurably sick and the mentally diseased. But there is one thing that the secularism by itself does not supply, and without which a culture relaxes into self-satisfaction, self-justification, and eventual degeneracy. This lack was stressed by every one of the theologians interviewed. It is that vertical upthrust to heaven, that focusing upon God as our "ultimate concern," that "grand passion for the Infinite" (as Sören Kierkegaard called it), that striving toward the absolute ethic by which all acts should be judged.

"The American culture is open horizontally—to new gadgets and new excitements and even to new concepts of the brotherhood of man," says Dr. Tillich, "but it is not open in the direction in which it needs to be open, which is vertically to the meaning of life itself."

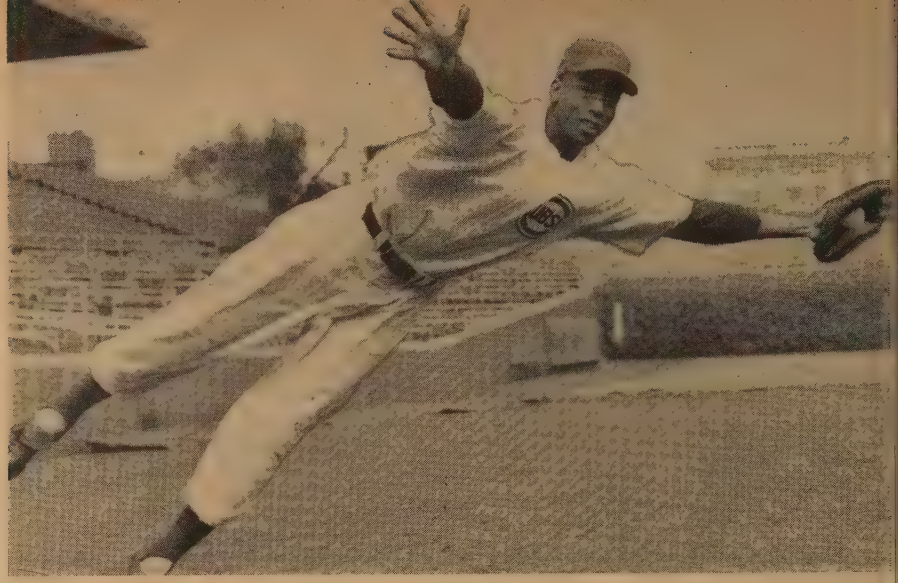
To restore the vertical dimension of traditional Judaeo-Christian religion to American life is, theologians agree, the supreme challenge. Here is the task:

To teach religion in such vivid and compelling terms that our culture may produce another St. Francis, or a Bach, Rembrandt, or Milton, whose art, growing out of a profound religious passion, will forever enrich the United States and the world with a power beyond that of wealth and armies;

To teach religion in such a way that for the average and less-gifted person life will not lose its full flavor and zest whether the cup which he drinks in his own life be sweet or bitter;

To infuse a humdrum parish religiousness with a divine recklessness, so that our growing youth will have greater courage to strike out on its own in spite of the manifold complexities and uncertainties of modern life.

The religious life properly oriented to God, sums up Dr. Tillich, is always an affirmative life "in spite of"—in spite of sickness and in spite of health; in spite of our own sinfulness and in spite of the sinfulness of others; in spite of success and in spite of failure; in spite of poverty and in spite of prosperity. His authority is the Bible, which says we should seek first the kingdom of God and all other things will be added.



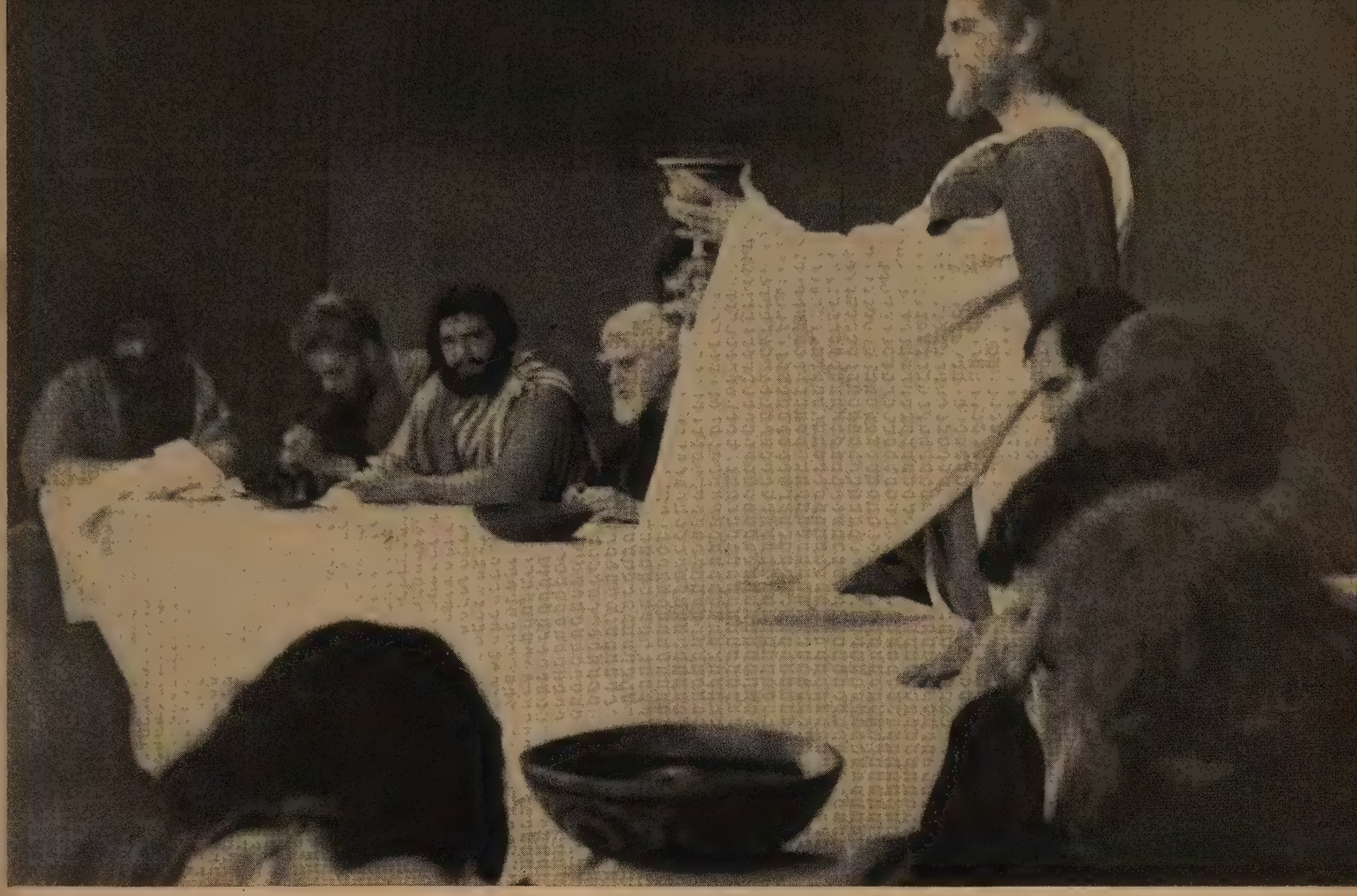
ERNIE BANKS: Time for prayer on the diamond.

PRAYING SLUGGER. Like a meteor streaking across the baseball horizon, Chicago Cubs' shortstop Ernie Banks has shot into a top spot in the big leagues in only a few seasons. Already, he has been voted the team's favorite player by fans, in '55 wound up third—with 44—in the major-league home-run race. How valuable is he to his team? Well, the Cubs paid a reported $15,000 for him, have turned down a half-million offer. Banks, a steady churchgoer since boyhood, regularly attends the Methodist church near his Chicago home. Typically, when he learned he had won the National League assignment as shortstop for one All Star Game, he "said a little prayer right there. I wanted to repay all those fans who voted for me."

Unusual

CHUTING CHAPLAIN. The 77th Special Forces (Airborne) Group calls itself "the toughest outfit in the army"—and for Maj. Holland Hope, the chaplain, ministering to the men's spiritual needs is "the best job in the world." But it's no spot for a softy. Hope, the 1,000th Methodist minister commissioned as an army chaplain in World War II, had made 118 parachute jumps—including 32 at night and several in combat—by the end of last year, suffered a broken back on a leap into the fighting in Korea. But even that injury didn't put him out of action; he spent three days rescuing wounded and retrieving bodies under heavy enemy fire. Then he consented to be taken to a hospital. When he jumps, the chaplain carries "an Episcopal prayer book, a Methodist prayer book, a New Testament, and a .45 caliber automatic"—to protect himself from marauders and wild beasts, as the Geneva Convention permits. One of the outfit's officers summed it up for his men: "The chaplain's a great guy."

MAJOR HOPE: 118 jumps, two prayer books—and a pistol.



JEROME HINES: His original opera on the life of Christ lifts the down-and-outers in Salvation Army halls.

Methodists

SALVATION SINGER. As a leading basso of the Metropolitan, Jerome Hines earns $2,000 a performance. But down-and-outers hear the magic of his music free—and witness his religious opera, *I Am the Way,* to boot. For this member of Hollywood's Crescent Heights Methodist Church has written an original opera of the Savior's life, stages it in Salvation Army halls to help bring Christ to the less fortunate. He works, too, with alcoholics, finds in putting his Christianity to work an answer to a "burning in my soul." Now he has his future all mapped: to continue to put his talents to the unreserved use of God and man.

JOANN GILES: Service though unable to walk.

SPUNKY TEACHER. When Joann Giles was a junior at the University of South Dakota, an auto accident left her paralyzed from the waist down. But that didn't stop her from pushing ahead with her dream of working with children. For the last five years she has operated a neighborhood play school—rated as one of the state's best nursery schools—in Rapid City, and she is director of the Christian Mothers' Club, a community-wide project of the Canyon Lake Methodist Church of Rapid City. Joann, who also helps train church-school nursery and kindergarten teachers, puts it this way: "I just couldn't let misfortune get me down."

The guns of Fredericksburg were silent as thousands of soldiers watched the daring young Confederate sergeant.

Richard Kirkland:

RICHARD KIRKLAND was his name, and he was one of the greatest and least-known heroes of American history.

It is true that his outstanding act of heroism was performed while he was fighting under another flag: the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy. But on the bloody field of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, all the combatants were Americans. They had all been Americans before the start of the war in 1861 and those who survived would again be Americans after the end of hostilities in 1865.

There was nothing to mark Richard Kirkland as being different from the thousands of other gallant young men who contested for a meager strip of ground on Marye's Heights, back of Fredericksburg—no indication that he possessed that spark of courage which transcends mere bravery.

Richard Kirkland was born in August of 1843 on a little farm in the fertile agricultural region near Flat Rock, South Carolina. He was the fifth son of John and Mary Vaughan Kirkland. He enlisted in the Confederate army when he was 18 years of age. On December 13, which was the day of the battle, he was 19 and a sergeant in Company E of the Second South Carolina regiment. He was in Longstreet's Corps and the Division of General J. B. Kershaw.

Never was a more heroic battle staged by Americans in the face of hopeless odds. Students of the War Between the States have declared that the tactical errors of the Federal generals were beyond counting and that the heroism of the attacking Union troops defied description.

On that fateful December 13, the Confederates—for almost the only day in the war—had numerical equality and the advantage of a magnificent defensive position. And nowhere in the long battle line was the Confederate position more unassailable than in the center where Richard Kirkland and his company were stationed.

For two days Kirkland and his companions had known that a major battle was imminent. During that time the Federals had negotiated the crossing of the Rappahannock River. On the twelfth of December,

"He raised the soldier's head and held it steady so he might drink the fresh, cool water . . ."

American

By Octavus Roy Cohen

they had occupied the lovely little town of Fredericksburg, little concerned that the Confederates had withdrawn to meticulously prepared defensive positions.

Back of Fredericksburg there was rolling ground over which any attacking force must pass to get at the Confederates. Then there was a depression known as The Ditch, which would afford the attackers a chance to form a line of battle. Beyond that was a flat stretch of about 300 yards at the far edge of which was a sunken road. Longstreet, ably assisted by General Lafayette McLaws, and under the watchful eye of Robert E. Lee, strengthened this sunken road which already was strong defensively because it was protected by a stone wall behind which the infantrymen could take cover. In addition, the Southerners had prepared pits for their artillery and also had constructed abatis and fire trenches. Veteran infantry divisions were ready; other battle-tested veterans were in support.

To Richard Kirkland, during the long, cold night of the twelfth of December, it seemed inconceivable that the Federals would attack such an impregnable position. His opinion was shared by every man in his command, from private to general.

During the morning of December 13, Kirkland and his companions saw evidence that the Federals were readying a major assault. They couldn't believe their eyes, but shortly after noon their suspicions were verified.

Union artillery opened on the Confederate position. Sharpshooters concealed in the houses of the town inflicted as much damage as possible on the entrenched defenders. The first attack was gallant and hopeless. But even so the Confederates suffered. Kershaw moved two of his regiments to the point of attack. General Cobb, commanding in that sector, was killed by a sharpshooter; Kershaw succeeded him in command of the sunken road. Richard Kirkland found himself surrounded by some of the finest soldiers of the Confederate army, defending ground that simply could not be taken by direct assault. It was a unique experience for him and his company. Never before during the war had that happened to them; never would it happen again.

Kirkland drew a sigh of relief when the first Union attack was repulsed with comparative ease. "Now," he said, "they know they can't do it. They'll try somewhere else."

But the attacking troops were veterans, too. They, too, were Americans. They were under orders and they had learned to obey orders. "Attack!" That had been the word from General Burnside, and attack they would. They wore blue and their adversaries wore gray, but in all of them coursed the blood that had made America great. The Union task was foredoomed to failure, but their courage was unflinching.

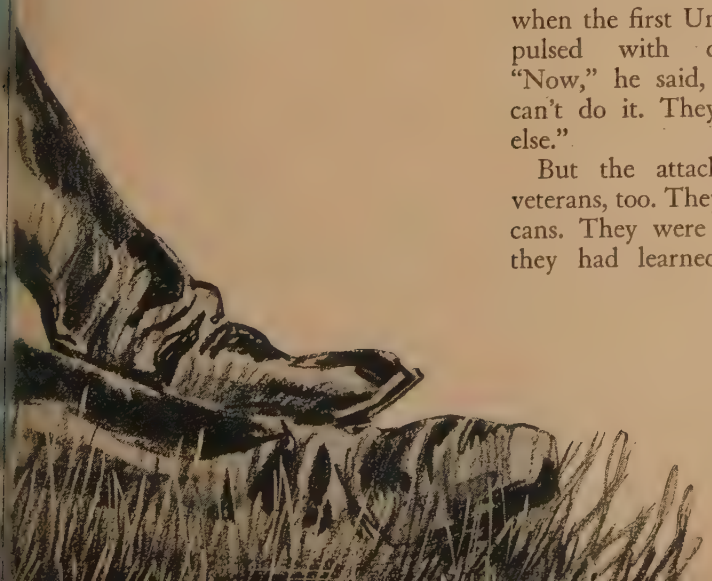
Following the repulse of their first attack, the Federals attacked again and again and again. Sergeant Kirkland and his thousands of companions loaded, fired, loaded, fired at that advancing mass of blue. Within 15 minutes after the repulse of one attack, another came. For three hours men in blue were slaughtered by rifle and artillery fire. They tried to cross the 300 yards between The Ditch and the sunken road. Some of them got to within 30 yards of their objective. The dogged, desperate courage of the attacking Union troops was epic.

Eventually the series of assaults ended. The ground in front of the sunken road was a solid blanket of blue: the uniforms of dead and dying men. That was the price they had paid for their gallantry. Historians have estimated that 5,000 Union troops were killed or wounded in that three hours of bitter fighting.

The battle had ended. Whether it would be renewed on the morrow, no one knew. As the early darkness of winter fell, the Blue and the Gray maintained a spiteful rifle fire. To expose oneself at that range meant certain death.

The Confederates had won a great victory, but they were too tired to be exultant. The Union soldiers crouched in the shelter of The Ditch. They had been unsuccessful, but their spirit had not been broken.

And, as darkness fell over the field, a ghastly sound arose: the cries of the wounded and the dying. They



called for help, for water. They tried to drag themselves back toward their lines. Never before had so gory a carpet been stretched over so small an area.

Sergeant Richard Kirkland tried to sleep. He was exhausted, mentally and physically. Now that the delirium of desperate fighting had ended, he tried to relax. But sleep would not come.

Kirkland, despite his youth, was a veteran. He was accustomed to the ghastly sights and sounds of the battlefield. But nothing in his past experience had prepared him for this. To pace back and forth, safe in the shelter of the stone wall with its covering earthworks, to listen to the agonized cries of the wounded, to know that no man dared emerge into that no man's land between the armies . . . that tore at his nerves as combat never could.

Those maimed and bleeding men out there were no longer enemies. Oh, Kirkland had done his part—and more—in helping to repulse the gallant attacks. That had been his duty as a soldier. But this . . . this crescendo of agony which rent the air went straight to his heart. Gray or Blue, it did not matter. The combatants had come from different states, from different sections of the country, but their heritage was the same. They had been brave beyond description. All night long they lay out there suffering and dying, denied a few precious drops of water, denied help, denied any alleviation of their pain.

Throughout the endless night that pathetic wailing continued. Richard Kirkland gave up trying to sleep. As dawn approached, his nerves had reached the breaking point. The men of Company E, Second South Carolina regiment, watched their young sergeant. They saw the anguish in his expression; they realized that a great personal struggle was going on in his heart.

Finally cold, gray daylight parted the curtain of night. A new day was at hand. Kirkland approached a company officer. He was pale and his voice was trembling. He asked permission to visit the headquarters of General Kershaw.

"Why?" inquired the lieutenant.

"I must see him, sir."

"That's impossible. He's too busy."

"He'll see me, sir. We come from the same county in South Carolina. General Kershaw knew me and my family before the war."

The officer nodded and pointed out the two-story house in which Kershaw had his headquarters.

Kirkland did not hesitate. He shouldered his way through the Confederate troops. He reached the big house. He argued with the sentry and was told that General Kershaw was working in a room in the upper story. Kirkland mounted the stairway swiftly. Ignoring a second sentry, he knocked on the door.

General Kershaw had been gazing through the window at the short stretch of ground which was covered with the dead and dying of the force which had attacked his position the previous afternoon. He, too, was a veteran, but he had never before been called upon to endure the sight and sound of so much misery.

Again Kirkland knocked and this time General Kershaw said, "Come in."

He turned from the window as Richard Kirkland entered. The general was a large man, blond and handsome, but the battle and its aftermath had etched deep lines in his face.

The young soldier saluted. He said, "Sergeant Richard Kirkland, sir. Of your command."

Kershaw nodded pleasantly. "Of course, Sergeant," he said. "I knew your family back home. What do you want?"

"General," said Kirkland. "I can't stand this. All night long I've tried to close my ears, I've tried to sleep, but it's been no use."

Kershaw spoke gently, sensing the deep feeling which had motivated this unusual speech from sergeant to general. "What do you mean, Sergeant: You can't stand it?"

"Those poor people out yonder." Kirkland moved closer to the window and pointed down at the blue shambles below. "They need help. They're calling for water. Just water, sir. I ask permission to help them."

"You mean you are volunteering to go out there and assist the wounded?"

"Yes, sir."

Kershaw was deeply affected by the boy's sincerity. He said, "That's impossible, Kirkland."

"Why, sir?"

"Because the minute you stepped over that wall you'd be killed. Do you realize that?"

Richard Kirkland said, "Yes, sir. I know that's true. But I still ask permission to try."

The general said, "I cannot needlessly sacrifice the life of one of my men."

"Sir," pleaded Kirkland, "I've got to do this. Believe me, sir, I've got to."

Kershaw pondered a few moments. Then he nodded. "I have no right," he declared, "to refuse so noble a request. I pray that God will protect you. You may go."

Kirkland's eyes lighted. He said, "Thank you, sir." He saluted again, turned and started down the stairway. Halfway down he paused, considered, and retraced his steps.

General Kershaw was not surprised. Kirkland's impulse had been gallant enough. But actually to step over that wall into certain death was more than a human being could be expected to do. Kershaw believed that the boy had changed his mind. He understood, and tried to be gentle.

"What is it now, Kirkland?" he inquired.

"General," asked the young man hesitantly, "may I show a white handkerchief?"

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN is a familiar name to American readers. Prolific writer in many fields, he has won a special place in the hearts of millions with his warm, humorous short stories. At various times a newspaperman, lawyer, and engineer, Cohen once taught (without pay) at Birmingham-Southern, a Methodist College.

A native of the South, Cohen has a special skill in recapturing the flavor of its bygone days in his stories and articles. In *Richard Kirkland: American*, he turns back the clock to 1862 to tell us of a little-known incident, in which a Confederate sergeant's selfless heroism forecast a brighter, more promising future for all Americans. We know you'll enjoy reading it as much as we did.—EDS.

There could be only one response to that question. Kershaw said, "No, Kirkland, you can't. Such an act does not accord with the rules of war."

The boy drew himself erect. "I understand, sir," he replied. "I'll take the chance anyway. And thank you, sir."

Kirkland hurried back to his own Company E. He obtained two canteens full of fresh water. His companions eyed him curiously, but they asked no questions and he vouchsafed no information.

Except for the wails of the wounded, everything was still at that moment. Not even the sharp crack of a rifle. Holding his two canteens, Richard Kirkland vaulted over the stone wall and faced the Union lines.

The hush held and deepened. Kirkland stood motionless, erect, and unafraid.

A dozen trained sharpshooters in the Federal lines raised their rifles. They aimed at the young man. They couldn't miss their easy target at such close range.

Then a Union soldier spoke. "Hold your fire," he said. "Let's see what he wants."

Another soldier said, "He's holding something. Maybe it's a flag of truce."

The seconds ticked by, each an eternity. There was no sound from the opposing lines.

Slowly, firmly, confidently, head back, Sergeant Richard Kirkland walked straight toward the Federals. Only he and his general knew what his intentions were. No one called out. No shot was fired. All was still.

Kirkland reached the first of the wounded men whose piteous pleas for water had joined the voices of the other injured men to make the air hideous. It was a Union soldier, of course: all the wounded out there wore blue uniforms.

Kirkland kneeled by the side of this man. He raised the soldier's head and held it steady so that he might drink the fresh, cool water in the canteen. Then he made the man comfortable. He put a knapsack under his head to serve as a pillow. He spread over him an overcoat as protection against the cold.

Calmly he rose and moved to the next man, for whom the procedure of mercy was repeated. Then came another and another and another.

By this time Kirkland's purpose was apparent to the troops of both armies. He didn't hurry. If he was aware of his danger, he gave no sign.

Finally, his canteens were empty. He walked steadily back to his own lines, dropped down behind the barricade and took two more canteens which were handed him by his fellows. Once more he vaulted the wall. Once more he walked quietly into the midst of death and suffering. A vast silence hung over the field where on the previous afternoon this havoc had been wrought.

Sergeant Richard Kirkland made innumerable trips back to his own lines, only to reappear again in a few minutes with more water. He crossed and recrossed the field, doing all that one man could do; doing more than any other man dared to do.

Only when darkness enshrouded the field did Kirkland return to his own lines to stay. He had brought blessed relief from agony. He probably had saved many lives.

And all the while the stillness remained unbroken. Even when it became apparent that the young soldier had completed his dangerous, self-appointed task, there were no cheers. This act of heroism was so awesome in its selfless grandeur that cheers would have been inappropriate.

Again safe in the shelter of the stone wall, Kirkland rested. He had worked in the face of imminent death. He was exhausted, physically and emotionally. He said nothing about what he had done. No one praised him, but in the eyes of the men in gray and the men in blue there was understanding and commendation.

The task set himself by Richard Kirkland of the Second South Carolina regiment had been finished. Words of praise would have been inadequate.

But many of the men, Gray and Blue, who had watched Kirkland perform his valorous deed must have realized that, despite the carnage, here was living proof that this indeed was destined to be again a nation, one and indivisible.

A Prayer

to make your own

Saint Francis of Assisi, preaching to the birds.

O Lord, our Christ,
may we have thy mind
and thy spirit.
Make us instruments
of thy peace;
where there is hatred,
let us sow love;
where there is injury,
pardon;
where there is discord, union;
where there is doubt,
faith;
where there is despair,
hope;
where there is darkness,
light;
and where there is sadness, joy.

O divine Master,
grant that we
may not so much seek
to be consoled
as to console;
to be understood,
as to understand;
to be loved, as to love;
for it is in giving
that we receive;
it is in pardoning that
we are pardoned;
and it is
in dying
that we are born
to eternal
life.

GIOVANNI FRANCESCO BERNARDONE,
KNOWN AS SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Refugee hordes are pouring out of Red China into this teeming island. And here, amidst heartache and hunger, Methodists are putting religion to work.

HONG KONG:

Peephole in the Bamboo Curtain

By FRANK J. TAYLOR

NOWHERE else on earth is there an outpost of empire—and of freedom—like the hustling, picturesque city named Victoria by the British, but known to the world as Hong Kong. Crowded on a steep, lush tropical isle the size of Manhattan, it is a hole in the Bamboo Curtain that separates Red China from the West.

Only 22 miles away at the barbed-wire barriers, Lowu Bridge spans muddy Samchung River. Across it have passed missionaries, officials, underground agents, and refugees. In 1950, refugees poured in at the rate of 4,000 daily. And trudging Lowu's two-score steps, American prisoners have passed from slavery to freedom.

Heavily armed Red soldiers daily half open the Lowu Bridge gates for limited traffic. Coolies carrying baskets on bamboo poles bring pigs, ducks, fresh vegetables for Hong Kong markets; others tote clothing, medicine, manufactured goods to Red China.

The huffing trains from Canton in Red China arrive on schedules that jibe with those from Kowloon across the harbor from Hong Kong. But though Lowu is a railroad bridge, everybody gets off and walks across the Samchung; the gates are open only for foot travelers, easily frisked by guards on both sides of the barrier.

Chosen for its magnificent deep-water harbor, finest on the long China coast, Hong Kong is barely a century old. The city's central area of about 20 blocks is a sedate bit of Victorian England. Surrounding this is a sprawling, colorful Chinese city, its narrow, winding streets crowded with humanity, tiny shops, bright Chinese signs, rickshas, honking autos—all the noisy confusion of the Orient.

Across the mile-wide sheltered harbor, swarming with thousands of sampans and patched-sail junks jostling around freighters and liners of many flags, lies Kowloon, jammed on the tip of a peninsula ceded to the British in 1860, 18 years after they gained possession of Hong Kong Island. North of Kowloon and stretching to the boundary of Red China are the so-called New Territories, leased for 99 years from China in 1898. The three acquisitions, comprising 391 square miles, together make up the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong.

Though populated by 3 million Chinese and only 20,000 whites, Victoria, Kowloon, and the New Territories are British. The Hong Kong Chinese like it that way. Though the Chinese born in the colony are entitled to become British colonial citizens, few accept citizenship. Most of them are loyal to Chiang Kai-Shek's Nationalist Government on Formosa, as was evidenced by the bloody anti-Red riots last fall.

Oddly enough, Hong Kong Colony is the one authentic bit of Old China extant. All over the mainland of China the *(Continued on page 36)*

Hong Kong's glittering main streets veil filthy slums teeming with outcast humanity—penniless refugees from the godless tyranny of Communist China.

For millions in Asia religion is as aloof and uncaring as this symbolic figure in a Hong Kong show place.

City of Hong Kong: often called the jewel of the Far East.

(Continued from page 34) landowners have been purged, their holdings divided among peasants or merged into state farms.

British rule does not interfere with old customs. The whites—16,000 Britons, 3,000 Portuguese from Portugal's colony of Macao across the wide mouth of the Pearl River, and a handful of Americans, White Russian refugees, and Eurasians—who run many of the colony's great trading and shipping firms, believe in the policy of live and let live. So do the Orientals.

Entire families, ranging from babes on their mothers' backs to wrinkled grandparents, spend their lives on decks of sampans no longer than a small living room. While the women pole, barter, launder, and cook, toddlers play on deck oblivious to the danger of falling overboard. These people have their own tongue which landlubber Chinese can't understand. "Like chicken talking to duck," a Chinese told me. "So we talk pidgin."

Kowloon, into which nearly 1 million refugees from Red China are now packed, has areas in which there are 2,000 human beings to the acre. In thousands of gaily decorated but ramshackle tenements, with balconies overhanging the twisted streets, up to 30 persons find shelter in a single room, occupying sleeping space in relays.

On the steep slopes of Hong Kong's green hills, a quarter of a million squatters live in shacks built of packing boxes, tin, and canvas. Ten minutes' walk from the immaculate British downtown, with its handsome stores lining colonnaded streets, thousands sleep in dark, smelly alleys or in doorways.

Homeless children roam city's streets—a challenge for the church.

Despite all this appalling congestion, much of Hong Kong Island is still the tropical wonderland out of which the British began rearing a world-famous city a century back. The island's open spaces remain unused, partly because of poverty of the soil and the lack of water. Squatters who live on the heights must carry all their water in buckets slung on bamboo poles.

Adequate for the prewar city of 800,000, Hong Kong's water, sewage, and transportation systems are among the colony's unsolved problems.

Energetic Chinese refugees from the mainland have built new factories, apartment buildings, stores, and warehouses, and have transformed Hong Kong from a trading post to a beehive of manufacturing. Under Governor Sir Alexander Grantham, the British Colonial Administration is making valiant efforts to meet the need for new facilities and more housing.

It is an immense task. But new reservoirs and housing projects are being pushed and efficient welfare organization has kept under control what might have been an overwhelming problem.

Despite its headaches, Hong Kong is still the jewel of the Far East. On a single day, the newspapers may list steamer sailings from here to 90 world ports. People are cheery and hospitable. Hotels are clean; service is good. Stores are filled with goods from all over. Since Hong Kong is

Picturesque junks, plying Hong Kong's world-famous harbor, are home to countless native families.

Largest church of our denomination in Hong Kong is imposing Cantonese Methodist Church. Its auditorium seats 1,000; membership exceeds 2,000. To accommodate crowds, two services are held each Sunday morning.

a free port, most commodities are duty-free, and everything is bargain-priced. Good food is plentiful and visitors can "eat in any language."

Why do so many people choose crowded Hong Kong for their home? First, it is good business. Hong Kong has few restrictions: anybody can buy or sell or make anything. Thousands have come to Hong Kong penniless and struck it rich. Another lure is Hong Kong's sheer beauty. At night, from the cable train that scales Victoria Peak, the city is a breath-taking fairyland. From a Kowloon ferry or a water taxi the view is equally enchanting—a blazing galaxy of lights festooning the towering peak and disappearing in pink-tinged clouds. On the opposite side of the island are the shimmering waters of Repulse Bay, Deep Water, and Aberdeen, tourist meccas of the Orient.

The "taipans" or merchant princes of Hong Kong who do not let ideologies interfere with business are skilled in ways that are wily. The colony is infiltrated with Red China agents. The huge Bank of China, built by Nationalist China, now takes its orders from Peking. But a dozen other banks which hastily converted their Hong Kong branches to head offices when the Communists seized Shanghai are still independent and loaded with refugee money that is rebuilding the city.

The first question a new arrival in Hong Kong generally asks is, "What's to prevent the Chinese Reds from taking this place any time they want to?" Since the Korean truce released Red China's "volunteer" armies, Mao's legions could overwhelm the colony's 20,000 troops in the New Territories and grab the vast warehouses full of medicines, machinery, and other valuable supplies, just as they did in Shanghai.

Even though Hong Kong's treasures are less than 25 miles from barbed wire and pill boxes that line the Samchung River, nobody in the colony seems worried. Even the refugees, many of whom are marked for liquidation if the Reds catch them, feel safe as long as the Union Jack flies over their heads. They know that Mao needs this gateway.

"Anyway, time is working for the Reds," a Shanghai refugee adds.

The British lease on the New Territories will expire in 1997.

That's only 40 years—and in Chinese history this is only a day.

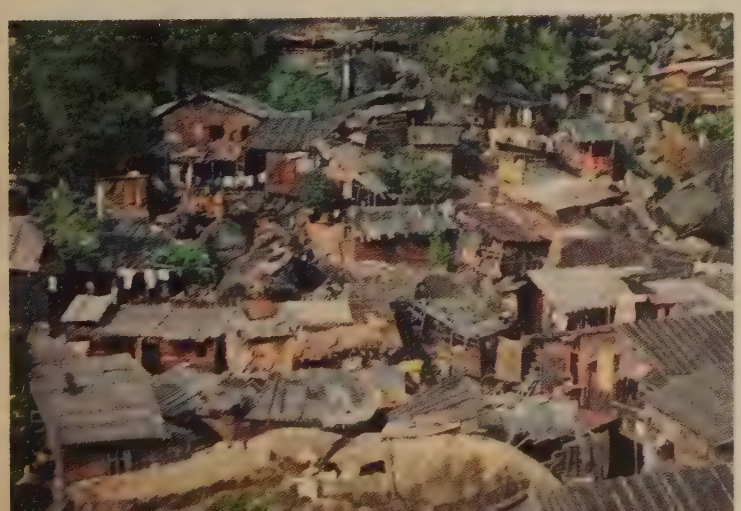
WESLEY VILLAGE

Haven at Hong Kong

An inspiring example of Christian brotherhood at work in a bustling Oriental city; that is Wesley Village. Cottages are spotless, rents are low. Life, centered around helping one another, takes on new meaning. Here our church is moving today to meet what Bishop Ralph Ward described not long ago as "a wide-open opportunity."

For thousands the crudest huts are home. But this family was lucky; it was moved from this hovel to Wesley Village.

Wesley Village: 80 modern cottages perched on a mountainside, home for 450 outcasts—and the coveted goal of thousands. Village was started in 1953 by U.S., British, Canadian Methodists.



Roof tops of a slum jungle make a depressing contrast to the bright, orderly homes in Methodism's Wesley Village.

Money from U.S. Methodists made this pure-water well possible in Wesley Village, where great stress is put on sanitation in the "new hope" program.

One of the many church-school classes in the village. Services are conducted in two dialects so all may hear "the Word."

The village's vocational training has taught this girl to paint dress fabrics. Others learn different self-supporting trades and crafts.

A Methodist worker and her mother-in-law in Wesley Village look out over Hong Kong and its beautiful harbor. Both are refugees from interior of China. Mrs. Tung Tai Tai, widow of a district superintendent, holds a battered Bible, her most treasured possession, which sustained her faith throughout long trek from her native land to Hong Kong—and eventually to Wesley Village. Now both women are active in fanning the fires of Christianity throughout the village and the surrounding region, where opportunity is rich amid the refugees, seeking a faith to which they may cling.

Open-air household chores: Refugee mother washes dishes in one of three new wells in the village while her children play around her.

Can Christianity lift defeat from heart of this refugee?

Even women help in village construction work. Rehabilitation program stresses importance of work with a genuine purpose.

Treat Your Children To Trouble

By Marion Ullmark

Trouble time: L. A. Hapgoods of La Grange, Ill. make their problems a family affair.

WITH THE BEST of intentions, many parents these days are thwarting their children's spiritual development. I know, because I was one of the worst—even though innocent—offenders, until a crisis in my household opened my eyes.

The trouble has its roots in the natural tendency of parents to shelter and protect their children. We feel that we are doing a child a kindness when we shield him from the knowledge that something is wrong. If the family runs into money problems, sickness, serious trouble of any sort, parents try to keep the children from learning what is happening. "Don't let them find out," we say. "They'll have troubles enough when they grow up."

But that's not right. A child can face trouble and come away unharmed if he has a strong wall of family unity at his back and the firm foundation of faith in God under his feet. It's possible to wrap a cloak of parental protection so tightly around a child that all knowledge of domestic upset, even loss and tragedy, is kept from him—for a while. But sometime that wall will have to be breached. Then the impact will hit hard—so hard, perhaps, that permanent damage will be done. Why let disaster strike like a bolt from the blue? Why not prepare your youngster with the truth when, for example, such a crisis as serious illness arises?

Ten-year-old Trixie, two blocks down the street from us, is a tragic example of the harm that can come to a child who has been protected against the realities of life.

Trixie's mother faced a major operation. Her parents shipped Trixie off to a cousin's home in another city to shield her from any possible worry and fear. Trixie was told her mother was going on a pleasure trip.

Trixie's mother died. The father, heartbroken and despairing, was faced with the almost impossible task of telling his daughter that her mother would never come back from her "pleasure trip."

How do you tell a child that you have lied to her? How do you tell her the mother she thought was in perfect health was, in fact, critically ill? The tragedy, which could have brought Trixie and her father closer together, drove a wedge between them. Where there could have been mutual trust and love, there is, on Trixie's part, doubt and suspicion. The child may never fully recover from the shock she received.

This couldn't have happened to the children of Steve and Millie Davis who live on a nearby street. Tragedy entered their lives, too, but they handled it differently. When Steve was critically injured in an auto accident, Millie talked frankly to Bill, six, and Sandra, 10.

"Daddy has a chance to live," Millie explained. "The doctors are doing everything they can. You and I must pray for him."

Millie told me later that the love and help she received from her children were the greatest comforts she had in that trying time. They cried together and prayed together. They were a family united in the face of danger. Their love and prayers flowed in a strengthening stream to the hospital bed where Steve fought for his life.

I think Sandra and Bill learned a lesson in living. The importance of this lesson far outweighed the suffering which the knowledge of their father's danger brought to them. They saw their mother facing possible tragedy with courage, and their own courage grew. They saw their mother meeting a crisis with faith and their own faith was strengthened. In giving their mother comfort and love, they learned how great a happiness can come from helping others. Yes, Millie gave her children a priceless gift, a lesson in facing life with faith and courage.

Together in the Home

Few go through life without encountering crises, tragedies, and losses. For most of us, these things are woven into the fabric of life. They are inevitable. It is vital that children be taught to share in them.

I still remember how I learned this lesson—just in time to keep from hurting our daughter, Pinky, perhaps beyond healing. It was a bright spring morning and one of our favorite relatives, Aunt Belle, dropped by for a brief visit. As we were finishing our coffee she suddenly put down her cup and jolted me with some shocking news.

"I want to talk with you about Pinky," she started out. "She came to see me after school yesterday. She's very upset."

I knew our daughter had been jumpy lately, but I'd written it off as "just one of those things." Aunt Belle exploded this illusion.

"Did you know that she thinks you and Joe are getting a divorce?"

For a second, I was too stunned to answer. "A divorce!" I echoed. "Where did she ever pick up that idea?"

Aunt Belle told me. It seems Pinky had seen me crying a few days earlier and had noticed that Joe, my husband, had been away every night until the wee hours. She'd gone out and talked it over with a girl friend—who told Pinky that these were precisely the things she had noticed in her home before her parents ended up in a divorce court.

"You know why I've been crying," I told Aunt Belle, "and why Joe's been away at night. We're worried sick about his business; we even thought for a time that we might lose our home. He's working day and night to try to save it. We didn't want to hurt Pinky; we thought it best to shield her from worries like this. All we wanted was to be kind and——"

Aunt Belle cut in. "Sure, you meant to do what was right, but you were cruel to Pinky. When she asked you what was wrong, you told her everything was fine. She has too much intelligence to believe that. God gave children minds and hearts to record the dark as well as the sunny hours. Pinky has a right to expect you to share your troubles honestly with her. When you fail to do so, you're withholding one of the greatest gifts—knowledge of how to meet trouble with courage and faith in God."

That night, Joe and I talked it over. We decided Aunt Belle was right. Since then we've let Pinky in on our bad times as well as our good, gearing our explanations to her level, of course. We've discovered children aren't all sugar and spice; they won't melt in trouble's rain.

If parents face their own troubles with courage and faith, giving their children a proper share in them, the youngsters will grow up to face their own adult problems with dignity and faith in God. It is only right that our children should know the dark hours, too. In recording them, they learn the strength of a united family, the power and comfort of prayer.

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
— JOHN WESLEY

"Teacher said if we missed three Sundays she'd throw us in the furnace," reported a child just returned from Sunday school. Horrified, the mother telephoned her daughter's teacher.

The voice at the other end of the wire was puzzled, then choked with laughter. "I said if they were absent three Sundays they'd be dropped from the register," she explained.

—Mrs. J. R. Batcheller, *Bellevue, Wash.*

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A bishop spotted a newspaperman making notes of his talk. Later, he approached the reporter and asked that no jokes be used. The bishop explained that he wanted to use them at other churches in the area. The newspaper next day included this statement: "The bishop told some good stories which cannot be repeated."

—Guston H. Browning, *Henderson, Tex.*

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When my husband was pastor of a church in a small Midwestern town, he chanced to meet the local undertaker on the street one morning. While they stood talking, the local doctor joined them.

Presently one of our parishioners emerged from a store and saw the three in earnest conversation. "Now what are you fellows cooking up?" he asked cheerfully.

—Mrs. Lillian E. Moon, *Kensington, Md.*

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Two Sunday fishermen heard the distant ringing of church bells. "You know," said the first, "we ought to be in church today."

"I couldn't go, anyway," said the second. "My wife is sick."

—Guston H. Browning, *Henderson, Tex.* and —Mrs. C. Shockley, *Greentown, Ind.*

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The kindhearted minister watched, smiling, as the little tyke struggled to reach a doorbell just out of his reach. Finally, the pastor walked over and obligingly pushed the bell for the boy. The lad waited a second, then exploded: "Here comes the lady now, mister! Let's run!"

—Mrs. W. H. Cooper, *Indianapolis, Ind.*

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A recently ordained minister was explaining to the bishop why he had resigned from his first charge. "There were 34 girls, old maids, and widows there, all eager to marry the pastor," he said.

"Well," said the bishop, "you know there's safety in Numbers."

"Not for me," replied the minister. "I found it in Exodus."

—Marian Dealand, *Worthington, Minn.*

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The new minister's car broke down just after the morning service, so on Monday he drove it to the local garage for repairs. "I hope you'll go a little easy on the price," he told the mechanic. "After all, I'm just a poor preacher."

"I know it," came the answer. "I heard you preach."

—Harry Ezell, *Lathrop, Mo.*

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Send in your favorite church-related chuckle. If we print it, you'll receive $5. Sorry—no contributions can be returned.—Eds.

She Died in the Spring

By ENSWORTH REISNER

WHEN THE LEAVES came out on the trees and the grass was green, evenings brought a soft glisten to the eyes of Mary White. She was a junior in high school and it was spring.

All the world was opening up. Her father was the famed William Allen White, editor of *The Emporia Gazette*. His editorials from that small Kansas city had made news around the nation. His counsels were listened to by president and politician. And he loved his daughter, Mary, more than life itself.

Mary was worthy of his love—popular, a good student, athletically inclined. She loved horses and rode them well. One of the familiar sights in Emporia was Mary, mounted on her favorite horse, riding through the streets, headed for a brisk gallop on the outlying country roads.

Vacation was at hand and Mary went on a horseback ride. She hit her head on the limb of a tree and fell, never to wake again. She died in the spring.

The next day the whole town mourned—most of all, her father. But he was a newspaperman. Obituaries are customary in newspapers. Reports of funerals are required. White ran a paper. But who would write this obituary? The day after the funeral William Allen White, himself, did the story—of Mary's death, her burial, and her own philosophy of life.

What the editor and father wrote has become one of the great classics of American newspaper writing. It was a straight newspaper account of what occurred, but also a loving appreciation of the girl who died in the springtime of her life. It described the funeral, the affection of her friends and classmates, the reaction of the townspeople.

But what of the parents? How did her father feel? What enabled him to write with such depth of beauty at a time of grievous personal loss?

There are many persons who die in the springtime of their lives and we, the living, must live on. How do we do it? These are the questions which run through my mind each time I read White's editorial and silently shed a tear for his daughter.

One day I rummaged through some old letters my father had left in a cardboard file holder, rusted with age. I found a letter dated July 14, 1921, and signed: W. A. White. The letterhead was *The Emporia Gazette*. Apparently my father had written a letter of condolence to his old

After young Mary White died, her Kansas editor-father wrote a memorable tribute reprinted on the following pages.

friend, William Allen White. And after the passing of some weeks, Mr. White had written to him in response.

The letter he wrote, though not citing the incidents of the tragic death, reveals the noble soul of the bereaved parent. It was the response of a great heart to the muted beauty of a tragedy made into triumph. It showed graphically the core of the faith in God's wisdom which lay at the heart of White's beliefs. Mr. White wrote:

It was a terrible stroke and we are infinitely lonely, but we are not shaking the bars of this finite cage and asking unanswerable questions of fate. We only know that we do not know; that it is all mysterious. Yet, because our most uncommon lot of happiness for twenty-seven years has, by this cruel circumstance, been made the common lot, we haven't become dubious of the goodness of God and the decency of man. Mary is net gain. To have had her seventeen years, joyous, rollicking and wise, so tremendously human in all her weaknesses and in her strength, is blessing enough for any parent. We have no right to ask for more.

Not long thereafter my own son died. The first bitter question flashed across my mind: "Why should he die in the springtime of life?" Then the unforgettable words of William Allen White came surging up into my mind.

To have had a son is blessing enough for any parent. We have no right to ask for more.

Mary White BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

May 17, 1921.

The Associated Press reports carrying the news of Mary White's death declared that it came as the result of a fall from a horse. How she would have hooted at that! She never fell from a horse in her life. Horses have fallen on her and with her—"I'm always trying to hold 'em in my lap," she used to say. But she was proud of few things, and one of them was that she could ride anything that had four legs and hair. Her death resulted not from a fall but from a blow on the head which fractured her skull, and the blow came from the limb of an overhanging tree on the parking.

The last hour of her life was typical of its happiness. She came home from a day's work at school, topped off by a hard grind with the copy on the *High School Annual,* and felt that a ride would refresh her. She climbed into her khakis, chattering to her mother about the work she was doing, and hurried to get her horse and be out on the dirt roads for the country air and the radiant green fields of the spring. As she rode through the town on an easy gallop, she kept waving at passers-by. She knew everyone in town. For a decade the little figure in the long pigtail and the red hair ribbon has been familiar on the streets of Emporia, and she got in the way of speaking to those who nodded at her. She passed the Kerrs, walking the horse in front of the Normal Library, and waved at them; passed another friend a few hundred feet farther on, and waved at her.

The horse was walking, and as she turned into North Merchant Street she took off her cowboy hat, and the horse swung into a lope. She passed the Tripletts and waved her cowboy hat at them. A *Gazette* carrier passed—a high-school boy friend—and she waved at him, but with her bridle hand; the horse veered quickly, plunged into the parking where the low-hanging limb faced her, and, while she still looked back waving, the blow came. She slipped off, dazed a bit, staggered, and

"The sage of Emporia": A famous editor and friend of presidents, he wrote his most enduring words out of grief—and faith.

fell in a faint. She never quite recovered consciousness.

But she did not fall from the horse, neither was she riding fast. A year or so ago she used to go like the wind. But that habit was broken, and she used the horse to get into the open, to get fresh, hard exercise, and to work off a certain surplus energy that welled up in her and needed a physical outlet. The need has been in her heart for years. It was back of the impulse that kept the dauntless little brown-clad figure on the streets and country roads of the community and built into a strong, muscular body what had been a frail and sickly frame during the first years of her life.

But the riding gave her more than a body. It released a gay and hardy soul. She was the happiest thing in the world. And she was happy because she was enlarging her horizon. She came to know all sorts and conditions of men; Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, was one of her best friends. W. L. Holtz, the Latin teacher, was another. Tom O'Connor, farmer-politician, and the Rev. J. H. Rice, preacher and police judge, and Frank Beach, music master, were her special friends; and all the girls, black and white, above the track and below the track, in Pepville and Stringtown, were among her acquaintances.

And she brought home riotous stories of her adventures. She loved to rollick; persiflage was her natural expression at home. Her humor was a continual bubble of joy. She seemed to think in hyperbole and metaphor. She was mischievous without malice, as full of faults as an old shoe. No angel was Mary White, but an easy girl to live with for she never nursed a grouch five minutes in her life.

With all her eagerness for the out-of-doors, she loved books. On her table when she left her room were a book by Conrad, one by Galsworthy, *Creative Chemistry* by E. E. Slosson, and a Kipling book. She read Mark Twain, Dickens, and Kipling before she was 10—all of their writings. Wells and

Arnold Bennett particularly amused and diverted her. She was entered as a student in Wellesley for 1922; was assistant editor of the *High School Annual* this year, and in line for election

She loved to draw. Her pictures appeared in her school yearbook.

to the editorship next year. She was a member of the executive committee of the High School YWCA.

Within the last two years she had begun to be moved by an ambition to draw. She began as most children do by scribbling in her schoolbooks, funny pictures. She bought cartoon magazines and took a course—rather casually, naturally, for she was, after all, a child with no strong purposes—and this year she tasted the first fruits of success by having her pictures accepted by the *High School Annual.*

But the thrill of delight she got when Mr. Ecord, of the *Normal Annual,* asked her to do the cartooning for that book this spring was too beautiful for words. She fell to her work with all her enthusiastic heart. Her drawings were accepted, and her pride—always repressed by a lively sense of the ridiculous figure she was cutting—was a really gorgeous thing to see. No successful artist ever drank a deeper draft of satisfaction than she took from the little fame her work was getting among her schoolfellows. In her glory, she almost forgot her horse—but never her car.

For she used the car as a jitney bus. It was her social life. She never had a "party" in all her nearly 17 years —wouldn't have one; but she never drove a block in her life that she didn't begin to fill the car with pickups! Everybody rode with Mary White—white and black, old and young, rich and poor, men and women. She liked nothing better than to fill the car with long-legged high-school boys and an occasional girl, and parade the town. She never had a "date," nor went to a dance, except once with her brother Bill, and the "boy proposition" didn't interest her—yet. But young people—great spring-breaking, varnish-cracking, fender-bending, door-sagging carloads of "kids"—gave her great pleasure.

Her zests were keen. But the most fun she ever had in her life was acting as chairman of the committee that got up the big turkey dinner for the poor folks at the county home; scores of pies, gallons of slaw, jam, cakes, preserves, oranges, and a wilderness of turkey were loaded into the car and taken to the county home. And, being of a practical turn of mind, she risked her own Christmas dinner to see that the poor folks actually got it all. Not that she was a cynic; she just disliked to tempt folks. While there, she found a blind colored uncle, very old, who could do nothing but make rag rugs, and she rustled up from her school friends rags enough to keep him busy for a season.

The last engagement she tried to make was to take the guests at the county home out for a car ride. And the last endeavor of her life was to try to get a rest room for colored girls in the high school. She found one girl reading in the toilet, because there was no better place for a colored girl to loaf, and it inflamed her sense of injustice and she became a nagging harpy to those who she thought could remedy the evil. The poor she always had with her and was glad of it. She hungered and thirsted for righteousness; and was the most impious creature in the world. She joined the church without consulting her parents, not particularly for her soul's good. She never had a thrill of piety in her life, and would have hooted at a "testimony." But even as a little child, she felt the church was an agency for helping people to more of life's abundance, and she wanted to help. She never wanted help for herself.

Clothes meant little to her. It was a fight to get a new rig on her; but eventually a harder fight to get it off. She never wore a jewel and had no ring but her high-school class ring and never asked for anything but a wrist watch. She refused to have her hair up, though she was nearly 17. "Mother," she protested, "you don't know how much I get by with, in my braided pigtails, that I could not with my hair up." Above every other passion of her life was her passion not to grow up, to be a child. The tomboy in her, which was big, seemed loath to be put away forever in skirts. She was a Peter Pan who refused to grow up.

Her funeral yesterday at the Congregational Church was as she would have wished it; no singing, no flowers except the big bunch of red roses from her brother Bill's Harvard classmen—heavens, how proud that would have made her!—and the red roses from the *Gazette* forces, in vases, at her head and feet. A short prayer: Paul's beautiful essay on "Love" from the 13th Chapter of First Corinthians; some remarks about her democratic spirit by her friend, John H. J. Rice, pastor and police judge, which she would have deprecated if she could; a prayer sent down for her by her friend, Carl Nau; and, opening the service, the slow, poignant movement from Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata,* which she loved; and closing the service a cutting from the joyously melancholy first movement of Tchaikovsky's *Pathetic Symphony,* which she liked to hear, in certain moods, on the phonograph, then the Lord's Prayer by her friends in high school.

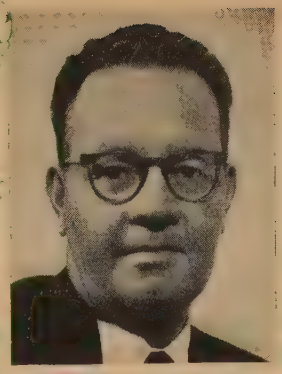
That was all.

For her pallbearers only her friends were chosen: her Latin teacher, W. L. Holtz; her high-school principal, Rice

A tomboy who refused to grow up, Mary still wore pigtails at 17.

Brown; her doctor, Frank Foncannon; her friend, W. W. Finney; her pal at the *Gazette* office, Walter Hughes; and her brother Bill. It would have made her smile to know that her friend, Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, had been transferred from Sixth and Commercial to the corner near the church to direct her friends who came to bid her good-by.

A rift in the clouds in a gray day threw a shaft of sunlight upon her coffin as her nervous, energetic little body sank to its last sleep. But the soul of her, the glowing, gorgeous, fervent soul of her, surely was flaming in eager joy upon some other dawn.



"Dick" Richmond Barbour, Ph. D.

Teens Together

with an ex-teen-ager

Q *I went steady with a boy over a year. I told him I loved him, and he loved me, but gradually I realized we weren't suited. Then I met the boy I go steady with now. I dropped my first boy abruptly. He can't get over it. He follows me at church, is flunking his classes, and phones, begging me to come back. I can't sleep. I pray for him, and ask God to forgive me, too. Can you help us?*—K.H.

A One bad thing about going steady is the risk of getting serious too soon. Then breakups may have far-reaching consequences. Don't feel so guilty. Such changes are inevitable. The boy should find an adult counselor and talk his way through his sorrow. He should stop seeing you, and force himself to have other dates. Discuss these suggestions with the boy's buddy. And remember, broken hearts do mend.

Q *In spite of myself, I smoke and stay out late; I start to MYF but wind up in my club's shack. I lie to my folks. I'm 16 and was raised to be a good Methodist boy. Can you help me be strong?*—J.B.

A Here are some safeguards: (1) Stick with your church friends, not with the others. Find your fun with good kids. (2) Start new, good activities which will bring you prestige. Go out for sports at school. Join school clubs. Run for office. Keep busy. (3) Promise yourself each morning that you will not smoke that day. If necessary, make that promise hour by hour. (4) Talk with your religious leader. (5) Cultivate your religious faith. When you feel yourself weakening, pray earnestly. Strength will come.

Q *I was home alone when a neighbor boy came in. We watched TV and he held my hand. Then we started kissing and such. When we heard my folks driving up we stopped. He is two years younger than I am. I feel I'm more to blame than he is. It's the last time I'll let anything like that get started. Should I talk with him about it?*—H.V.

A Let him understand how you feel. Then don't speak of it again. The important thing is you've learned your lesson.

Q *An 18-year-old boy I know was sent to a reform school for two years. Recently he returned home. Will he be a good boy now?*—E.R.

A The authorities think so, or they would not have released him. Probably he will need help. People frequently refuse to have anything to do with such boys. This drives them back into delinquency. Could this boy be invited to your Sunday school, MYF, and church? Could he be welcomed when he comes? Can your church people help him get a job? Try these things.

Q *Recently I started going with a girl who just moved to town and doesn't go to any church. Her mother was raised in a non-Christian faith. Would it be right for me to ask the girl about her religion?*—L.C.

A Surely. And invite her to go to MYF with you.

Q *I was engaged to be married, but broke it off. My boy friend and I still love each other. I hate to think of the sex side of marriage. I'd rather be an old maid than try to be a "good wife." Mother says I am right, sex is bad. Father says we are wrong. Our new minister says the union of a loving Christian couple should be a great, inspiring experience. I'm still afraid. What can we do?*—R.W.

A The two of you should have regular interviews with your minister. As you talk with him your fears may decrease. Many girls feel as you do. They marry with reservations about sex. By mutual patience, intelligence, and love they overcome their fears. They are most sure to succeed if they find marriage counseling.

Q *I'm a freshman girl in a big high school. I'm interested in a baseball star who goes to our church. I tried to attract his attention by stumbling against him in the Sunday-school hall. He said, "Be careful little girl," and walked on. I sent him a fan note, but couldn't make myself sign it. How can I meet him?*—J.C.

A Does he belong to school clubs you could join? Does he attend MYF?

If you can meet him casually at group gatherings he may become interested. Remember, there are other boys eager to be friendly with girls. Be nice to all of them. Avoid unsigned notes and tricks like that stumbling bit.

Q *A few months ago I met a nice boy. He said he would come visit relatives here, but when the time came he did not arrive. I must learn why he didn't. Dare I write him and ask?—B.F.*

A Yes, but camouflage your inquiry. Send him a chatty, friendly letter. Make the question about his trip incidental.

Q *My father died five years ago, when I was 12. Mom and I are alone. I love her, but she won't let me have dates. There are several girls I'd like to go out with. She is afraid to let me. What can I do?*—B.P.

A Try to understand how your mother feels. She depends on you more than she would if your father still lived. She needs you. Then help her see that other boys your age have dates; it isn't right to deny you a normal social life. Don't quarrel with her. Instead, help her find greater happiness among people her own age, through church affairs, a woman's club, or a hobby.

Q *I'm almost 18. My mother takes my boy friends away from me. She is prettier and has flirted all her life. If I bring a boy home she monopolizes him. The boy I go with phones her every day and they talk by the hour. Daddy says Mother will not change and he trusts me more than her. He suggests I stop bringing boys home. Is he right?*—C.F.

A A few women never grow up. Rely on your father's judgment.

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TEEN-AGERS: Feel like really talking things out with an expert? Then take your problem to Dr. Barbour. He knows and understands young people as do few authorities today. Dr. Barbour is head of the San Diego public-school system's counseling department. Write Dr. Richmond Barbour, c/o TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*—EDS.

SWEEPING STATEMENTS

by SAM the Sexton

To avoid suspicion, never lace your shoes in a melon patch.

Hay is something a fellow has to make between the time he gets out of it and the time he hits it.

Assets are something you need to get a loan you don't need if you have some assets.

A deficit is what you have, less what you had when you didn't have anything.

Some folk never say much . . . but you have to listen to them for a long time to find it out.

Your creditors want to know when you will come across, not when your ancestors did.

Folks would think more of the judgment of experts if the experts were more expert at agreeing.

Don't try to live all your life at once.

There's room enough at the top and the bottom, but it sure is crowded between.

When a fellow gets kicked in the rear, it means that he's in front.

While a man should keep both feet on the ground, there's no reason why he shouldn't move them around.

Wouldn't it be swell if all those looking for a job were also looking for work?

Today's biggest problem is finding a solution for the solutions of past problems.

Together with the Small Fry

Mrs. Merryweather's Garden

By MARION ULLMARK

PERCHED ON TOP of a green hill just outside of Elm Grove was a tiny white house. It belonged to a little old lady called Mrs. Merryweather. She had three loves —children, cats, and flowers.

Mrs. Merryweather was a great success with children. Every day boys and girls skipped up her hill to hear her stories and to eat cookies from a big blue jar.

She was a great success with cats, too. Three plump round beauties called Marigold, Tiger, and Lily lived with her in the little house. Stray cats were also welcome there.

But she wasn't such a success with flowers. Though her flower beds were lovely, she just didn't win the Garden Club prize for the most beautiful garden in town.

One spring, when Mrs. Merryweather stopped by the greenhouse, she noticed something new.

"What's this?" she asked, pointing to a little green plant.

"That's catnip," replied the plant man.

"My cats love catnip. I buy dried leaves for them at the drugstore. But this year I'll raise my own. Give me one hundred plants, please," said Mrs. Merryweather.

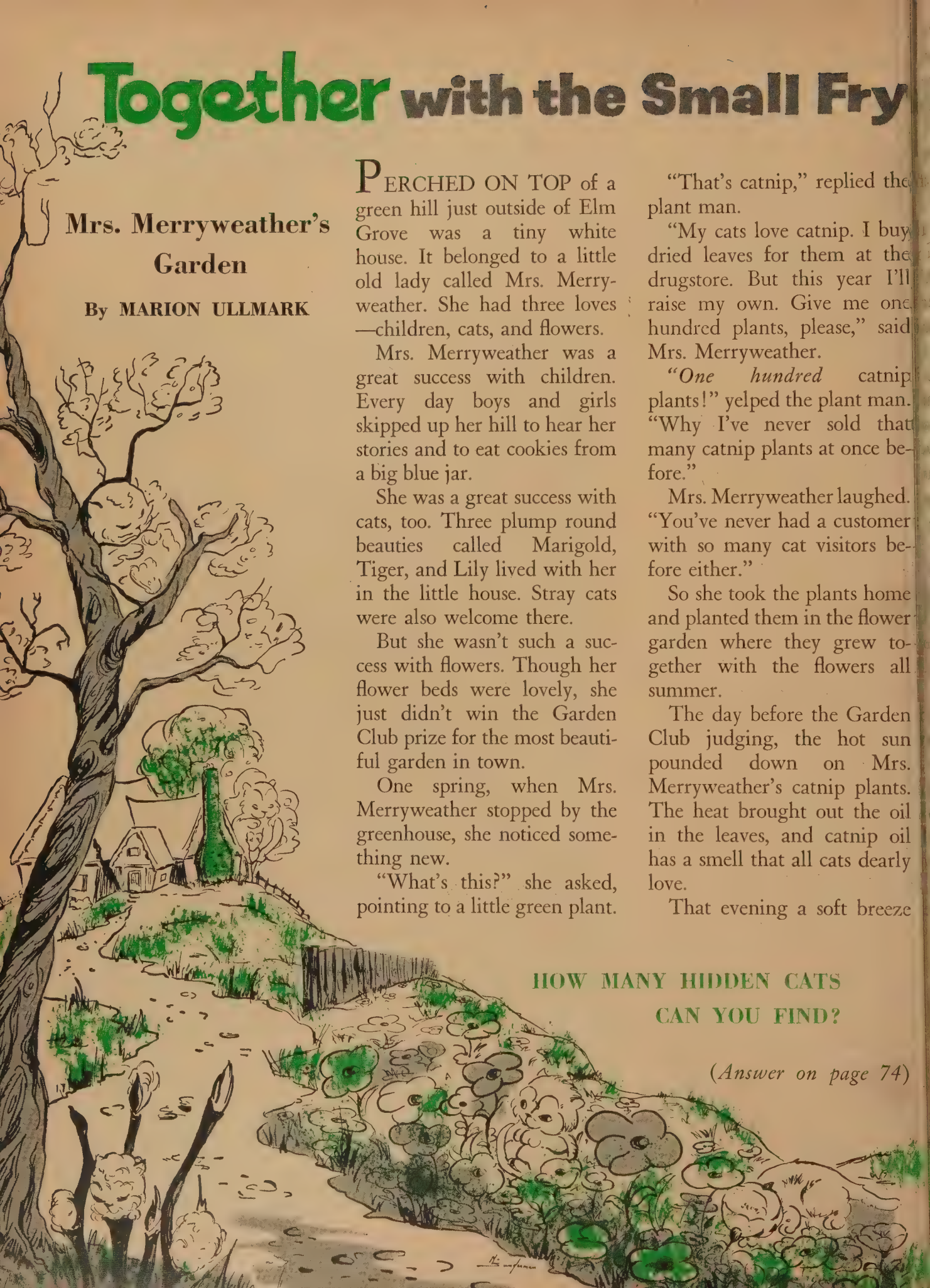
"*One hundred* catnip plants!" yelped the plant man. "Why I've never sold that many catnip plants at once before."

Mrs. Merryweather laughed. "You've never had a customer with so many cat visitors before either."

So she took the plants home and planted them in the flower garden where they grew together with the flowers all summer.

The day before the Garden Club judging, the hot sun pounded down on Mrs. Merryweather's catnip plants. The heat brought out the oil in the leaves, and catnip oil has a smell that all cats dearly love.

That evening a soft breeze



HOW MANY HIDDEN CATS CAN YOU FIND?

(*Answer on page 74*)

blew over the hill and gently lifted the smell of catnip on to the sleeping town below.

All over Elm Grove cats began to twitch their noses. The delightful smell woke them up. And soon dozens of cats followed their twitching noses up to Mrs. Merryweather's.

They nibbled on the catnip leaves until they were full; then they played in the garden until they were tired and sleepy. And all the cats fell asleep, right there in the garden. They nestled next to the sweetpeas and the petunias, and began to snooze. There wasn't a bush or a flower bed that didn't have furry cats dozing beneath it.

The next morning, Mrs. Merryweather rushed outside to welcome the three Garden Club judges, for she wanted to win the prize more than anything in the world.

But they had stopped right in their tracks. Everywhere they looked they saw beautiful cats—yellow, black, striped, gray—sleeping among the red, pink, and yellow flowers.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Mrs. Merryweather.

"Beautiful!" cried the first judge.

"Unusual!" gasped the second judge.

"What a lovely garden!" cried the third.

When they had snapped pictures with their cameras, the judges hurried away to see other gardens.

Mrs. Merryweather could hardly wait until the paper came the next day. There on the first page was a picture of her garden and a story which said she had won first prize!

"This is the happiest day of my life!" she exclaimed. When the children ran up the hill, they had a party, with fresh-baked cookies and orange juice.

Mrs. Merryweather filled five saucers with milk and put them on the back-porch steps. Soon Marigold, Tiger, Lily, and two of their visitor friends joined in the party.

At last Mrs. Merryweather was a success with all three of her loves—children, cats, and flowers.

GOOD NIGHT PRAYER

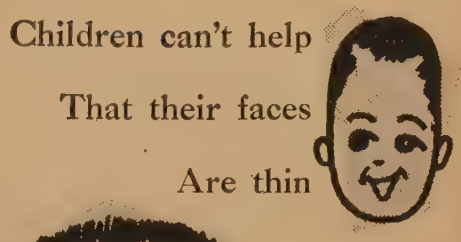
When Mother turns the light out
And I am snug in bed,
I never mind the darkness, God,
Or shadows 'round my head.

I know your love burns brightly
All the long night through,
A lamp to warm and light me
Along the way to you.

—Margaret Redfield

One Boy's Opinion

Children can't help
That their faces
Are thin

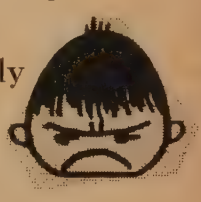


Or too fat

Or freckled

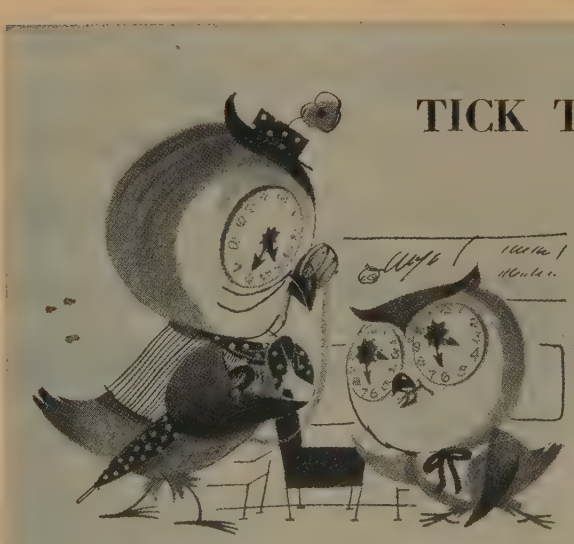
Or have a long chin.

But children can help
Looking dreadfully
Sour



With never a
Twinkle
Hour after hour.

— Clarice Foster Booth



TICK TOCK TALKS

Old Tick Tock says
To be polite
To always treat
Our elders right
On streetcars not
To let them stand
But give to them
Our helping hand.

—Thomas F. Dillabough

Beauty Belongs to All Ages

By ROY L. SMITH

EDDIE SENZ, a famous New York "beauty expert" who has designed make-up and hair styling for some of the most famous stage and screen stars, was once asked by a newspaper reporter: "What is the greatest mistake the average woman makes?"

His answer: "The greatest mistake is to refuse to resign herself to the fact that aging is inevitable. She is terribly wrong if she believes that beauty is confined only to the young."

That reply entitles Eddie Senz to an honored place among the philosophers, no matter what rank he may take among the beauticians.

There is, for example, a beauty about the love that has survived 50 years of marriage which young love can never imitate. There is loveliness about a rich maturity that youthful enthusiasm cannot match.

John Wesley turned away from the deathbed of an aged saint and said, "Thank God, our people die well."

There is something thrilling about the enthusiasm of youth. It seems so competent, so invincible, so confident. But there is also something substantial about the minted wisdom of the years —the judgments of the elderly which have the authenticity of experience and proof.

Poets have sung about the laughter of children. A home is poor indeed which knows nothing of the music of childish mirth. But there is also something very engaging in the smile of the elderly who, having witnessed the best and the worst of life, go on chuckling.

An aged clergyman who had spent three quarters of a century in the ministry sat down to write a letter of congratulations to a young man who was coming to the end of his first year in the sacred calling.

"You are at the beginning of a great experience," the 94-year-old preacher wrote, "and I congratulate you with all my heart. There are glorious years ahead of you. I thank God for the confidence with which you are launching your career, but as one who has proclaimed the good news for seventy-five years, and who stands near the top of the mountain, I want to call back to you in the valley and say that 'from where I stand, all is clear in the west.'"

There was a glory in the finish that can never be quite appreciated at the beginning.

Eddie Senz is right. Aging is inevitable. But each new year brings new joys, new experiences, and new tasks out of which wisdom can be minted and beauty can be mined.

He is happiest who neither looks back regretfully, nor forward apprehensively, but upon the present confidently and respectfully.

When you awakened this morning it was to approximately 16 hours of wakefulness, every hour of which is an opportunity. Sometime during every 60 minutes there will be a new chance to appreciate beauty and at the same time appear beautiful. At some point during every hour there will cross your path at least one person who will not smile unless you set him at the work of smiling. And even more beautiful than the one who smiles is that one who starts other people smiling.

It can be done at any age.

LETTERS continued from pg. 6

regrettable since it has no basis in truth. No Indian American is on a government dole.

His quotation from Superintendent George A. Boyce, "... they would be on the taxpayers' backs for 50 years," leaves the same impression. If anything, the reverse is true.

But thank you for this well-illustrated, timely article.

Bouquet From South Africa

W. REGINALD DUXBURY, *Pastor*
Durban, Natal, South Africa

Dr. and Mrs. Henry F. Donner of Windermere Church, Cleveland, Ohio have sent my wife and me the last three copies of TOGETHER. For years now, our good friends sent us *The Christian Advocate,* which we enjoyed. Now it is TOGETHER! And what a joy it is to receive it! The layout and "get up" is splendid and the matter is good. May we offer you our congratulations upon the production of this grand magazine? I especially love your *Amen Corner.*

Give Artists Freedom!

MRS. TOM W. BRABHAM
San Antonio, Tex.

Pray tell me why artists should stand apart in this century and resist individual trends concerning the face of Christ or the story of creation? Seems to me that proper education and dedication in the home should eliminate any element of terror or consternation on the part of adults or children. I suppose some people stand aghast that various nationalities paint the holy family with distinct characteristics of themselves. I think it is most stimulating. And, incidentally, so do my children.

Inspiring, Refreshing . . . Spiritual

MISS ETHEL J. SAUFFERER
Faribault, Minn.

Words of praise should be passed along to you for the splendid new magazine, TOGETHER. It is inspiring and refreshing reading which leads us to greater spiritual depths.

We are especially grateful for its appeal to all age groups. Just to look at the intense interest shown in the eyes of Johnny and Mary as they peer into the aquarium [February inside cover] is a joy. The colorful art work is very appealing.

We are proud to have this magazine coming into our Methodist homes.

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

Arise, O God, judge the earth; for to thee belong all the nations!—Psalm 82:8

IN HIS dealing with man, God meets his most difficult problem. Perhaps man's most difficult problem is to learn that he cannot get along unless he deals with God.

All the unholy aspirations of mankind were not ended at the destruction of the tower of Babel. All the evil in mankind was not washed out in the great deluge. Today we are losing our nerve. Our democracy assumes the spirit and method of dictatorship. Christians yield to the spirit and resources of materialism.

There are Christians who impatiently hope and pray for some dramatic divine intervention. God, they believe, must do something drastic to get a new start for man. Yet we have little confidence in God, and there is a great unwillingness to surrender our human resources to his control.

In one of his poems, Edwin Markham tries to tell us that earth has the stuff out of which heaven can be built. Truly, as the psalmist asserts, to God belong the nations. God will judge the earth. However, justice will not prevail until men are just.

A new world will be created when mankind is transformed.

Prayer: O God, send thy judgments upon the earth. Condemn our pettiness, our selfishness, our faithlessness by revealing the bigness, the unselfishness, and the unfaltering faithfulness of our Master. Make us know, in this terribly frightened and divided world, that all the nations are in thy inheritance, and that the peoples never come to their best apart from thee. Amen.

—*LESTER R. TEMPLIN*

Lester R. Templin
Dodge City, Kan.

Walter L. Plummer
Lakeside, Ohio

Roy Lawson Tawes
Wilmington, Del.

A. W. Oliver
Hominy, Okla.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God.—Matt. 5:9

WHY IS IT that peace always seems just beyond our grasp? Where does peace begin? Jesus said it begins in the human heart. One day a father unexpectedly entered a room where his children were having a free-for-all. "Tommy, who started this?" he asked the nearest youngster. "Well," replied Tommy, "it all started when Elmer hit me back." Peace has always been elusive because many of us are prone to rationalize our behavior as Tommy did. We are found, in the midst of the "free-for-all," placing the blame on the other fellow.

As followers of Christ we must recognize that his life of peace was not merely the absence of pugnaciousness, but the positive practice of the holy love and good will of God, the father. Peace is not something which we inherit. Peace does not "just happen." Rather, it is something for which we must toil in love and with patience. It is "different from butter and lamb chops," as Gracie Allen put it. "The more people want it, the more there is to go around."

It is not enough to hope for peace. We must indeed *be* peacemakers, as we begin where we are to make peace the aim of our lives. In this positive way, we become one in spirit with God and we find the peace of heart and mind which Christ gives to us. "And the harvest of righteousness is sown in peace by those who make peace." (James 3:18)

Prayer: O God who did send thine only Son to preach peace, turn our hearts and minds, and those of all men everywhere, to the right path. Lead us down the road which finds its destination in the discovery of that "peace which passeth all understanding," through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

—*WALTER L. PLUMMER*

If anyone says, "I love God," and hates his brother, he is a liar . . .—1 John 4:20

AT THE New York World's Fair I saw grownups crowding out the children at the box office of *The Children's World*. Adults at play took over the land of make-believe. But only a short distance away were exhibits of science telling about *The World of Tomorrow*.

Is not that a suggestive picture

Dr. Rall Answers Your Questions

Harris Franklin Rall
Professor Emeritus, Garrett Biblical Institute.

Q Shall we judge other people?

You can find Scripture to support both "yes" and "no." Paul says in Romans 14:13: "Let us no more pass judgment on one another," but he also says in First Corinthians 10:15: "Judge for yourselves what I say." And there are the words of Jesus recorded in John 7:24: "Do not judge by appearances, but judge with right judgment."

Clearly, there is a right kind of judging and a wrong kind. We cannot live without making judgments. Because we have God-given consciences, we must continually pick out what is right over what is wrong, what is true over what is false. And we must judge people, too, deciding whom we can trust and follow. In a democracy, we are continually called upon to judge issues and representatives. It is highly important that we "judge with right judgment."

Wrong judging is something else. It usually goes with pride and a feeling of superiority over other people. It places us in the position of undertaking to do what God alone is qualified to do. This is the kind of judging that Jesus condemned when he warned in Matthew 7:1, "Judge not, that you be not judged."

Q What does the church teach on the virgin birth?

In the Apostles' Creed, which we Methodists use in our worship, and in our *Articles of Religion* there is the clear teaching that Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary. We need to see, however, what comes first, and what is central to our faith in Christ as the Son of God.

God dwelt in him, and in him we know God, the God of righteousness and forgiving love. Christ is our Redeemer: "God was in Christ reconciling the world." In him we see what we should all be. We pray that we may become like him, that he may dwell in our hearts through faith.

To be a Christian, we come to understand, each of us must become Christ's own—a Christ man, as the early Christians used to put it.

This, and not the circumstances of Christ's coming, is the center of our faith. It is our message to men.

Q How do we overcome indifference?

Undoubtedly, the person who puts this question is thinking of indifference toward the Church and the way that we call the Christian way. And the experience of Jesus offers our best answer.

Remember that the foes who actively opposed him were not a great crowd, but actually only a few. The number who followed him were also few. Most people simply did not care one way or the other.

So, the preacher or lay person who encounters indifference and selfishness is facing the same experience that came to Jesus. We cannot be sure exactly what to do, except to preach the Christian message, clearly and constantly, and lead the Christian life faithfully. (Of course, this applies to nations as well as individuals.) And we leave the rest to God, knowing that he himself is still at work in his world.

That is what Jesus did. We cannot expect to do better.

of multitudes having their fling a life and giving little thought t what science has done in harness ing the atom? Listen to a grea theologian, Paul Tillich: "Th greatest triumph of science wa the power it gave to man to anni hilate himself and his world."

The childhood of the race i over. God must have standing b him now a morally and spiritually mature people. The whole worl has become a neighborhood withi bombing range, and nations have atomic weapons in their hands. We need to become citizens of the globe.

A full-grown son of God is a brother. He knows that brotherhood marks his redemption t life's meaning. He experiences the eternal fatherhood of the human family.

Prayer: Our God and father, bring us to love each other even as thou hast loved us. In the Redeemer's name. Amen.

—*ROY LAWSON TAWES*

As the Lord has forgiven you, so you also must forgive.—Col. 3:13

A FRIEND of mine learned through experience the truth of this scripture.

Frank, a businessman and church member, had for several years sought a heart-warming experience of love toward God, but he had not fully succeeded in having that feeling within himself. Then, on a special occasion, he was sent by his pastor to render a service of love for a family with whom he had quarreled. The service he was to give was such as to require forgiveness between them, or failure would result.

After much prayer and dedication to God on my friend's part, he went to bear gifts of love to Jim and his family. When he returned, Frank was filled with rejoicing.

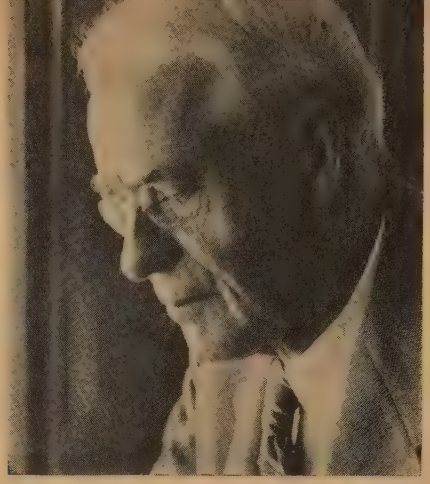
"Brother pastor," he said, "I want you to know that I have had the most uplifting experience in all my life. When I saw the expression of love in the eyes of Jim and his wife and little girls, I felt God filling me with love and joy greater than I can describe. And the love in my heart for God reached all the way from here to heaven."

Prayer: O God of love, help us to know that to love you is also to love our fellow men and to be capable of forgiving. Amen.

—*A. W. OLIVER*

By Barnabas:

LOOKS AT NEW BOOKS



Edgar J. Goodspeed
Freshness, clarity, simplicity.

HOW STRANGE the vagaries of the mind! An idea pops up—and away we go, mentally roaming! We cut across country, scaling fences, wading brooklets, sauntering through meadows and woodlands, and all the time seeing something different. Try backtracking, and note how meandering is the trail which unfettered mental processes have blazed.

This observation comes from idle perusal of a new book—a fascinating volume, splendidly illustrated by ancient prints and modern photographs, titled *American Ferryboats* (Wilfred Funk, $3.95). In entertaining style, it tells of a colorful form of water transportation now rapidly fading from the American scene. The author is **John Perry,** who deserves a medal and accolade for patience in running down the story—also for brilliance in conceiving it.

Did you know that Indians ran ferries before the white man burst onto the scene? Or that as early as 1540 redskins toted Hernando de Soto and his followers across turbulent rivers? It may not surprise you that in time white men gobbled up the ferries, pushed out the natives, and reached for the profits.

One story told is how a ferry turned a money-hungry man into a multimillionaire and built up a transportation empire. It was a lone ferry operating out of New York City that enabled Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt to develop his vast steamship and railroad holdings and start his family on the high road of society rulership. *American Ferryboats* is rich in historic and picturesque material. It is a saga of our forefathers, told with a Mark Twain flavor. Once you have read it, you will put the volume away for future browsing, each time finding something new.

If there were a Hall of Fame in the present-day theological world, the name of **Edgar J. Goodspeed** would surely rank among its immortals. Author of more than 50 books dealing with the Christian religion, he has stimulated the faith of millions. His distinguished service as a teacher at the University of Chicago and his archaeological researches also qualify him richly for recognition. And he is indefatigable; he has produced 15 books since his retirement from the University of Chicago.

Now comes *The Twelve* (John C. Winston Co., $3.50), which deals with the apostles individually and collectively. One gets the high lights of each of those whom Jesus called to be his followers, in a book written with freshness, clarity, and simplicity. This is a volume for the churchman who seeks to enlighten himself concerning the first "laymen" of the Christian faith, and for the Bible student who seeks to enrich his knowledge of the faithful band of men who did the incredible through total consecration to Christ.

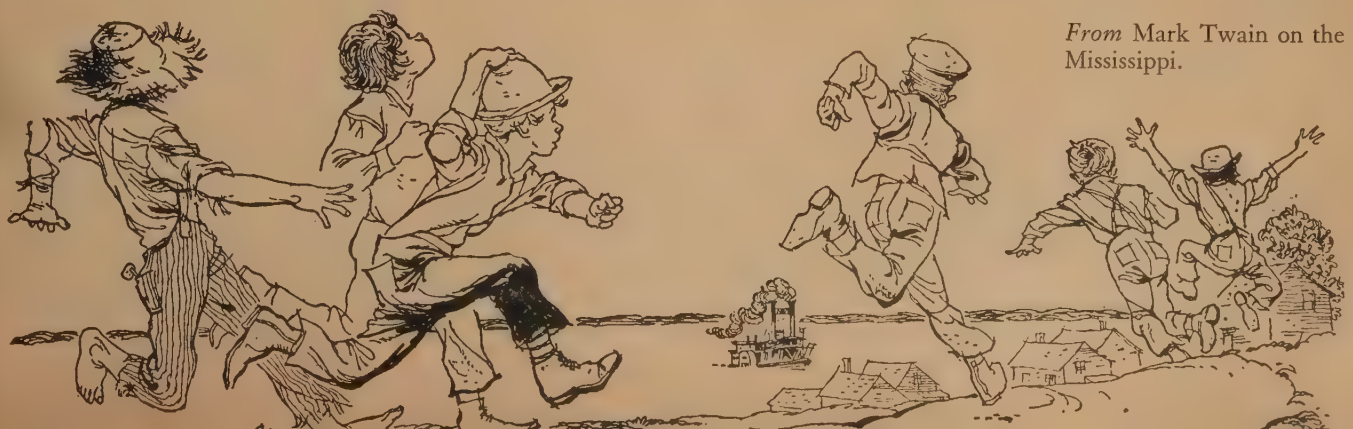
A new book is out about Mark Twain and his rascals of the Mississippi —Tom and Huck and all the rest. It's swell reading for young boys—and their fathers, too. It's called *Mark Twain on the Mississippi* (World Publishing Co., $3), and the author is **Earl Schenck Miers,** an Americana fan who has produced many readable volumes for youth, with no bar to adults who are inclined to be adolescent again.

It's a zippy, chuckling account, written somewhat in the same colorful strain that Twain himself used. I can't tell you more, but I do suggest you read the story. If you don't, the loss is your own.

Did you ever look into a spectroscope? It breaks down light and produces a variegated brilliance that often outdoes the rainbow. Yet the spectroscope has its limitations; it can tell us the elements in the sun, but can it explain the glory of a sunset? Likewise, human reactions can be analyzed, but can this explain the mystery of human personality? Hardly. Yet the tendency of man is to rationalize things human and divine, and to discard what cannot be explained.

All this comes to mind in reading one of the latest additions to the expanding field of literature dealing with mental diseases—*Battle for the Mind* (Doubleday, $4.50), by **Dr. William Sargent,** a British professor of psychological medicine and authority in the field of psychiatry.

The title suggests a discussion for laymen's reading of the latest achievements of science in the struggle for a cure or prevention of mental diseases. The book resolves itself, however, into



From Mark Twain on the Mississippi.

IS GOD AT HOME?

J. B. Phillips

Thirty brief, clear messages that present Christ to the average man in stirring yet simple language. By the famous British translator of the New Testament. **$1.75**

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Josephine Robertson

Simple, one-to-a-page prayers, 69 in number, to be used by women in daily life, as well as on special occasions. *Pocket or purse size. Imitation leather.* **$1**

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Dorothy Wells Pease, compiler

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Ellis Cowling

A thoughtful, unusual treatment of Christian stewardship that shows how the individual can properly distribute his income in a way that will bring peace of mind. **Paper. 75 cents**

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an "unmasking" of types who seek not so much to heal the mind as to control it. A more accurate title would be *Battlers for the Mind.*

In his foreword—which itself might be a good subject for psychiatric study—Sargent says, "I have had to go outside my own field of medicine for some of the material used in this book and apologize in advance for any inaccuracies due to this." That one statement must suffice for a multitude of errors.

The paragraph containing this statement opens with the assertion that he has chosen John Wesley's technique of religious conversion for the spotlight because he became convinced of the tremendous power latent in his methods, "though these have now been abandoned by the church which he built and strengthened by their use." Then the doctor credits Tom Paine and his antireligious, materialistic philosophy with giving Wesley and his purgative doctrines their great chance of success—providing an enemy to fight!

In such a beclouded atmosphere, Wesley becomes a specimen for the spectroscope. He has been rated the light that led England out of the darkness of threatened revolution—but here is Wesley broken down into elements.

"Wesley hit upon the extremely effective technique of conversion—a technique which is used not only in many other successful religions but in modern political warfare.

"Wesley's preaching could stir up such a state of external or internal excitement in some types of people that brain inhibition finally supervened and they collapsed from emotional exhaustion. Voodoo dances, drums and other similar methods can produce such states of excitement in suitable subjects.

"The Methodist revival also helped to condition the English of the early 19th century to accept social conditions which would have caused revolutions in most other European countries. Wesley had taught the masses to be less concerned with their miserable life on earth, as victims of the Industrial revolution, than with the life to come; they could put up with most anything."

And so on. Anyone who knows how Wesley battled slavery and prison cruelties, stressed education and reading, preached sanitation, and brought more knowledge to people than any man of his century, will realize what monstrous misstatements these are!

Sargent's central discussion of Wesley's emphasis on conversion is divided in the book by an eight-page section of pictures—of a Wesley revival, a Quaker meeting, and six pages of revolting photographs of savages in voodoo dances, trances, and cult hysteria. What an association for the eye of the reader!

The Sargent spectroscope reveals a grossly materialistic conception of life on its spiritual levels. He sees some dim rays but is blind to the majesty of the sunrise.

As a civilization grows older and more settled, it tends more to cherish the settings of days gone by. Both pleasure and danger lurk in living memories over again. Sentiment may trick us into thinking that the best days are gone, whereas better days are here. My guess is that one can profitably spend about 2 per cent of his time dwelling in the long ago.

As for my 2 per cent, I don't know how better I could spend it than in enjoying the fascinating story of life in Missouri—a 50-year journal—as told

BEST SELLERS

North, South, East, West

The best sellers selected here are taken from a poll of Cokesbury Book Stores in six major cities. Review does not necessarily imply recommendation of the books listed:

Fiction

The Scapegoat, by **Daphne du Maurier** (Doubleday, $3.95)

The Philadelphians, by **Richard Powell** (Scribner, $3.95)

Blue Camellia, by **Frances Parkinson Keyes** (Messner, $3.95)

Compulsion, by **Meyer Levin** (Simon & Schuster, $5)

The Last Angry Man, by **Gerald Green** (Scribner, $4.50)

The Guns of Navarone, by **Alistair MacLean** (Doubleday, $3.95)

Nonfiction

The FBI Story, by **Don Whitehead** (Random House, $4.95)

The Nun's Story, by **Kathryn Hulme** (Little, Brown, $4)

The Bridge at Andau, by **James Michener** (Random House, $3.50)

This Hallowed Ground, by **Bruce Catton** (Doubleday, $5.95)

The Bible as History, by **Werner Keller** (Morrow, $5.95)

Citadel, by **W. S. White** (Harper, $3.75)

in a delightful little volume, *Dear Christy* (Exposition Press, $2.50), the first book by **Christine Cooper Moon.** The author has been a victim of rheumatoid arthritis for 34 years and has been confined to a wheel chair for 12. Yet she devotes much time to the Crippled Children's Society, cancer drives, and the Red Cross.

Now she has given us a fascinating volume with a wealth of colorful detail of simple living almost forgotten; descriptions of taffy pulls, box socials, horse-and-buggy drives, and the thrill of the coming of the auto, telephone, and movies. If you have a flair for the past, by all means read this book. The fact that Mrs. Moon is an ardent Methodist and tells many interesting Methodist stories should not restrain any Methodist from reading it.

Next September is the 57th anniversary of the worst recorded disaster ever to strike the North American continent. At least 6,000 persons lost their lives in Galveston, Tex., when angry Gulf waters roared through the city.

John Edward Weems writes the first book on the Galveston flood since 1901. In *A Weekend in September* (Holt, $3.50) he pieces together the first complete account of what it was like to be in Galveston on that terror-filled weekend in 1900.

Craziest book of the month: *Molesworth's Guide to the Atommic Age* by **Geoffrey Willans** and **Ronald Searle** (Vanguard, $2.75). Two young ladies in our office didn't think too much of the brand of humor in this one, but I found myself chuckling repeatedly. A masterpiece of deliberate misspelling. Many of the words are so misspelled that the book is hard to decipher.

Well, the long winter is over and American afternoons are resounding with the crack of bats against that old apple known as the baseball. I am reminded that it has been a year since Sal Maglie, the twice-discarded, 39-year-old pitcher, was sold to the Brooklyn Dodgers. Enchantment over the outcome of that sale lingers on.

Just out is **Milton J. Shapiro's** *The Sal Maglie Story* (Messner, $2.95). It is the story of a youth whose rookie year in the majors found him 33 years old, already an old man for baseball. It is the story of Maglie's banishment from organized ball (for jumping to the Mexican League) and of his eventual return to the New York Giants with three assets—a wicked curve, phenomenal control, and extraordinary grit.

The 1957 season is young. So while waiting on the ripened conflicts that

Drawing from Herb Caen's San Francisco.

Call of the Open Road

NEW YORK CITY GUIDE AND ALMANAC *(New York University Press, 85 cents).* A bargain if you would include the nation's biggest and most exciting city in your travel plans. Information on everything from churches to libraries and museums, restaurants to beaches and parks. A hard-cover edition sells for $2.95.

SAN FRANCISCO AND THE BAY AREA *by Herb Caen (Doubleday, $2.95).* There's a heap of country between New York City and the Golden Gate, as the natives say, but if you're headed that way take this one along. Herb Caen is a San Francisco newspaperman and is second only to the fog when it comes to covering that town. Perhaps he puts too much emphasis on San Francisco's swank eating places and hotels, but the section on landmarks alone is worth the price.

THE GHOST TOWNS OF WYOMING, *by May Lou Pence and Lola M. Homsher (Hastings, $7.50).* Two industrious authors have dug up an amazing amount of information and a stupendous number of old photographs from a land where yesterday speaks to today. This will be an enlightening book to have along for fruitful touring, should you be headed Wyomingward this summer.

A GUIDE TO EARLY AMERICAN HOMES (SOUTH) *by Dorothy and Richard Pratt (McGraw-Hill, $6.95).* The leisurely elegance of the old South has been replaced by bustling progress, but many of her early homes remain to help you understand the people who once lived there. This is a breath-taking tour of 850 historic homes from Maryland to Arkansas, from Missouri to Tennessee.

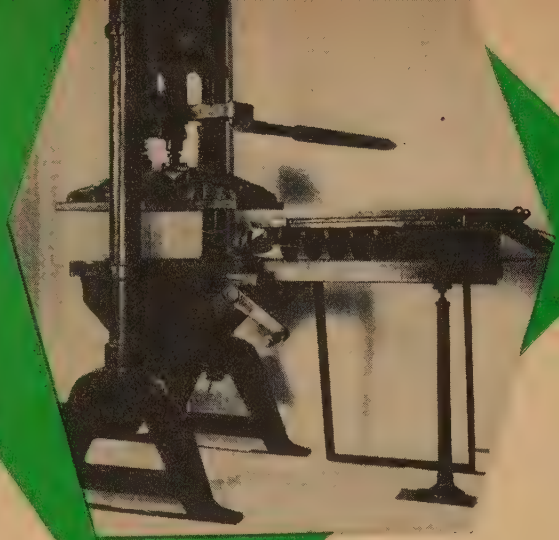
THE LAND AND PEOPLE OF CANADA *by R. L. Gordon (Adam and Charles Black, London, $1.50, distributed by MacMillan).* For millions of Americans in the northern tier of states, Canada is just a hop, skip, and jump from the front door. Here, vast and new, is a sparsely settled land of colorful contrasts and great scenic beauty. England and Wales would fit into Canada some 75 times and still leave room around the edges—so the vacationer must concentrate on one section at a time. What will it be first: the Maritime Provinces, French Canada, Ontario, or Western Canada?

THE STANDARD GUIDE TO THE CARIBBEAN *by Lawrence and Sylvia Martin (Funk & Wagnalls, $4.95).* Thousands of tourists have used the first two editions of this book to find their way around below the Rio Grande and out in the sunny Caribbean. This up-to-date third edition is for the lucky traveler who can afford to train his eyes that far south.

THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN *by William C. Emerson (Dorrance, $3).* The Alaska Highway isn't the best, nor the most traveled, road in the world, but more and more Americans are being tempted by what it has to offer the tourist. The highway winds in and out of valleys where emerald-green lakes mirror snowcapped mountains. Whether you go to Alaska by boat or automobile (or, like Barnabas, must stay home), you'll find Emerson's Alaska worth dreaming over.

YEARBOOK AND GUIDE TO SOUTHERN AFRICA, *edited by A. Gordon-Brown (Robert Hale Ltd., London, $3, distributed by H. W. Wilson Co.).* This amazing book has nearly 1,000 pages, is a virtual encyclopedia which barely misses directing you to every signpost, newsstand, and diamond mine in a fabulous land far below the equator. And, just in case you plan to hunt lions or climb snowy Kilimanjaro, there's a companion book on East Africa for the same price.

Our Old Veteran



BACK IN THE days when Methodism was younger, this Washington hand press printed the forerunners of *Together* and *The New Christian Advocate* magazines.

Records indicate that this old time printing press was purchased around 1837—the second press bought by the Western Methodist Book Concern after its formation in 1820. For some years it was used to print The Western Christian Advocate in Cincinnati, Ohio. Then, as newer, faster presses were invented, this old veteran was retired to the obscurity of a dusty storeroom, its day of active service over.

Today it stands as an honored link to the past—a silent reminder of the unbroken chain which has led to Methodism's bold new publishing venture: *Together* and *The New Christian Advocate.*

Times have changed since the days when this press was the newest thing in publishing. Today, batteries of high-speed presses in Methodist Publishing House plants turn out the quality books and magazines by the millions. There have been changes, too, in the content and appearance of the descendants of the publications once printed on this sturdy, old machine. Today's Methodist magazines are streamlined—written and edited for busy readers. But Methodists still want wholesome family reading as did their great-grandparents a century or more ago.

That's why we rescued the old Methodist press and gave it an honored place in the Chicago offices of *Together* and *The New Christian Advocate.* It's a symbol that reminds us of Methodism's vital concern for the printed word. We seek to continue this honorable tradition each month in the pages of *Together* and *The New Christian Advocate.*

Together

The Midmonth Magazine
for Methodist Families
Business Offices, 740 North Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

come in late summer, baseball fans d baseball reading. But many fans, I'm afraid, will be disappointed in Shapiro' book. It has too much play by play, too much chronicling of events, and too little real delineation of Maglie as man and a legend. We cannot ever tell if the author ever has spoken to his subject. In fact, there is nothing in this one that was not carried in greater and more graphic detail on most sport pages last fall. This is a shame, because Maglie deserves better.

Ed Dodd, I've always thought, is more than just another cartoonist. I think he is a great artist. Also, an in

GRIZZLY BEAR

BEFORE MODERN FIREARMS TAUGHT HIM TO AVOID MANKIND, THE GRIZZLY FEARED NO LIVING CREATURE... THE MIGHTY STRENGTH OF HIS HUMPED SHOULDERS AND THE TERRIFIC SPEED OF HIS SLASHING PAWS EARNED HIM THE UNQUESTIONED TITLE OF "KING OF THE NORTH AMERICAN BEASTS."

From North American Mammals.

formed naturalist whose Mark Trail cartoons add much to the pages of my daily newspaper.

Mark Trail's Book of North American Mammals (Hawthorn, $1.95) features 250 picture pages about 84 of America's larger animals in their native habitats. It is one of those rare books that appeals to everybody—from kindergarten to 90.

Much more detailed, however, is **Dorothy Edwards Shuttlesworth's** *Exploring Nature With Your Child* (Hawthorne, $4.50), a 448-pager full of pictures and drawings from the world of nature. Mrs. Shuttlesworth is editor of the *Junior Natural History Magazine* of the American Museum of Natural History.

Hawthorn Books, Inc., is earning a reputation as the publisher of beautiful books. One of the latest, *Ideas,* is no exception. This is an expensive ($12.50) volume of 470 pages, liberally illus-

trated in color and black and white. Essentially, this is a mixed bag of ideas, notions, and emotions which have moved the minds of men. Contributions have been made by authorities in many fields.

Biggest little book bargain of the month: *Weather—a Guide to Phenomena and Forecasts* (Simon and Schuster, $1).

In his newspapering days, Barnabas wrote hundreds of weather stories. People like to talk about the weather and they like to read about the weather, but I was sometimes hard put to translate the weatherman's scientific jargon into accurate, simple language.

I would have welcomed this clear, attractively illustrated book. It was written by **Paul E. Lehr,** senior meteorologist with the U.S. Air Force Weather Central; **R. Will Burnett,** professor of science education, University of Illinois, and **Herbert S. Zim,** professor of education, University of Illinois. The beautiful art work by Harry McNaught is the clincher. I recommend this without reservation to anyone who is interested in the weather —and who isn't?

Back some 30 years ago, I first learned about the wonderful land of Oz. It is still hard to believe there is no such country where the Scarecrow,

From The Wizard of Oz.

the Tin Woodman, the Cowardly Lion, and the Saw Horse hold forth forever.

I devoured every one of the many Oz books. Perhaps the best was the first, *The Wizard of Oz,* by **L. Frank Baum,** which has just been republished by Grosset and Dunlap, $1.95. The artist, Evelyn Copelman, has captured the charm of the original famous pictures by W. W. Denslow.

I seem to recall that one large library recently took the Oz books out of circulation on the basis that they weren't exactly good reading for children. But the grownups in town, who remembered having read them years before, rose up in arms.

As Baum wrote back in 1900: "Folklore, legends, myths and fairy tales have followed childhood through the ages, for every healthy youngster has a wholesome and instinctive love for stories fantastic, marvelous and manifestly unreal. The winged fairies of Grimm and Andersen have brought more happiness to childish hearts than all other human creations."

Baum didn't approve of the horrible and bloodcurdling incidents in some fairy stories. He proposed to change that in the land of Oz. The stories were written, he said, "solely to please children of today (1900). It aspires to being a modernized fairy tale, in which the wonderment and joy are retained and the heartaches and nightmares are left out."

Hard-to-put-down Department:

The OSS and I by **William J. Morgan** (Norton, $3.75), an interesting, revealing story of an American psychologist's tour of duty as an intelligence officer and trainer of spies in World War II. It is not a pretty story, but it wasn't a pretty war, either.

We Call Them Criminals by **Ralph S. Banay,** M.D. (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.95) is as much for the layman as the lawyer or psychiatrist. It is not a very bright picture of an increasingly grave criminal problem in this country. Banay, former chief psychiatrist at Sing Sing Prison, reads the criminal mind like a book. He proposes two new types of institution: one to provide therapeutic help for offenders who are treatable; another, a protective work colony for extreme or persistent offenders.

As this is written, snow is still falling and out of the region east of the Rockies comes the story of a fierce spring blizzard blockading trains, trapping thousands of motorists, taking many lives, and causing great suffering.

In such a setting, how can one help becoming fascinated when his eyes fall on a summer camping scene, with young people in vacation attire lounging under leafy trees? That picture, on the cover of *The Lake Poinsett Story* (privately printed, $2.65), is the prelude to 174 pages of text and illustrations, telling the story of a hardy "Venture in Faith" which has built up one of the finest Methodist camps in the U.S.

It has a real camp flavor and was written by a real camp fan, **Lewis C. Reimann.** He directed a number of YMCA camps, founded the University of Michigan Fresh Air Camp for underprivileged boys, and now operates a private camp for boys. An active Methodist layman, he has been president of the Ann Arbor, Mich., Council of

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Browsing in Fiction

BECAUSE this is a Methodist magazine and I am a bishop of the church, most novels with religious themes find their way to my desk. It is a natural assumption that this is the kind of book I ought to comment on to TOGETHER readers. Now and again there appears a book in this category which is extremely interesting, but generally they are dull and probably found publishers only because it was thought that the religious theme might appeal to church people.

Well, the other day I rebelled against this and went down to the book store to pick out some best sellers. After all, a fellow can't confine his reading to just one type book—and I made a tremendous discovery: When a man is a born storyteller, anything he writes is interesting. You may not agree with his philosophy of life and you may have serious doubts as to whether his novel is worth-while. But once you begin it, you cannot put it down. You must see what these people are going to make of the mess they are in.

It is this gift which so many writers lack. When a man tries to write a novel which depends on message only, he would be better advised to stay in the realm of nonfiction. Let me illustrate my point:

DELUXE TOUR, *by Frederic Wakeman (Rinehart & Co., $3.95)*

This is a story about a few people on a special European tour, the chief appeal of which was exclusiveness. None is a church member and, with one or two exceptions, they do not represent nobility of character. But they are the kind of people you meet in big cities and I have met them traveling in Europe. Some do immoral things and some of their language is shocking. But Wakeman can really tell a story. There is freshness and drama from beginning to end. When I put the book down at last, I felt as if I had been on the tour. However, this book will do little to strengthen your character and probably you had better read something else. Nevertheless, it will show you another side of life.

THE ETRUSCAN, *by Mika Waltari (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $4)*

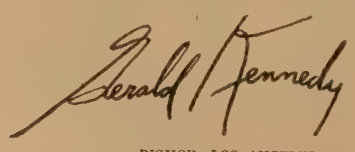
When a man gets a formula that seems to work, I suppose it is difficult for him to think it necessary to experiment with something new. Waltari has been writing the same book for years, in different locations and with different names for his characters. He, too, has the storyteller's gift, so that even when it seems familiar, you still go on without being bored. However, he is gradually running down. This is supposed to be a historical novel concerning the Etruscans, who were supplanted by the Greeks. It has considerable atmosphere and, so far as I know, it is accurate.

THE LAST HURRAH, *by Edwin O'Connor (Little, Brown, $4)*

I am a little late in getting to this one. It is the story of a political campaign for mayor of a large Eastern city, which, according to rumor, is Boston. I think it is first-rate. It makes you rather admire a rascal who was scintillating and clever because he made his opponents appear so stupid and stodgy. I do not mean it is a deliberate attempt to glorify evil, for it makes perfectly plain what the evil is and what it has done. Christian people ought to learn more about the political life of their cities and, having learned, ought to remember Jesus' command to become wise as serpents.

A RIDE TO PANMUNJOM, *by Duane Thorin (Henry Regnery Co., $4)*

Here is a younger writer beginning to try his wings. While he is far from expert, he may have the essential gift for the future. At least he knows what he is talking about, for he writes concerning American prisoners of war in Korea. We ought to read this because it tells about the pressures the enemy puts on prisoners. You see all kinds of men and how they react under strain. Some surrender and some do not. The main point seems to be that the man of faith has something to strengthen him in the hour of testing. The book makes plain in a new way that the struggle is one of faith more than of military might.



BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA,
THE METHODIST CHURCH

Churches. The Dakota Methodist Conference had long yearned for a summer spot for holding meetings. The Methodists appointed a committee which combed the area, finally hitting on a tavern and dance hall as the place it wanted most!

Anyway, you can't outdo Methodists. They wangled a minimum price out of the tavern keeper, then coaxed him to accept 10 per cent down and the balance later. Came then the time-honored practice of taking a collection, getting $1,200 for the seller, who turned over the deed and the keys—and the haven of vice became a heaven of virtue.

That was in 1945. Since then, a wonderful camp, happily serving thousands each year, has been built, attracting national attention, and from it have gone out many youths to be ministers, missionaries, religious-education directors, and Christian leaders.

Here's one which, if it does nothing else, could set a trend in book titles: *"Where Did You Go?" "Out" "What Did You Do?" "Nothing"* (W. W. Norton, $2.95). The author, **Robert Paul Smith,** does a neat job of looking boyhoodward in a truly absorbing book.

Smith remembers what it was like to be 10, and he's afraid 10-year-olds today don't have the fun kids had a few years ago. Those were the days when you knew for sure that grasshoppers spit tobacco juice, and when girls could ride boys' bikes, but boys couldn't *ever* ride a girl's bike.

Smith puts it this way: "If you were ever a kid puzzled by grownups, and now are a grownup puzzled by kids—this book is for you."

—BARNABAS

The Lady Elgin's *sinking in Lake Michigan was big news in 1860.* Harper's Weekly *published this dramatic engraving.*

A lifetime of service was crowded into one heroic night when Ed Spencer saved 17 shipwreck victims.

Master of the Storm

By GEORGE GARFIELD

ON A STORMY September midnight in 1860 the excursion boat *Lady Elgin* was rammed by a lumber schooner in Lake Michigan, a few miles north of Chicago. Before dawn the luxurious ship sank with a loss of 287 lives.

Left struggling in the savage water near the shore were nearly 100 men, women, and children who clung desperately to planks, pieces of deck, and furniture. Their screams were heard in the darkness along the battered shore between Evanston and Wilmette. By dawn, scores of spectators had arrived, but efforts to aid the victims were futile. Survivors pitched and rolled in the lashing water, alternately lurching toward shore and far out into the lake again.

The cry of "Shipwreck!" sounded through the halls of Northwestern University and Garrett Biblical Institute in Evanston. Among the 100 young men who responded was a divinity student named Edward William Spencer.

Ed Spencer was frail in appearance but an accomplished swimmer. A student at both Northwestern and Garrett, he had once assisted his father in running a ferry on the Mississippi River between Rock Island, Ill., and Davenport, Iowa.

The gangling youth tied a rope about his waist, ran down the side of the bluff, and plunged into the cold water.

Waves lifted, dropped, and thundered against the rocks. Helpless onlookers wept as one after another of the distant figures disappeared.

Spencer struggled through the waves. Finally he reached a woman clinging to a piece of wreckage—then pulled her to shore.

John Wilson, captain of the ship, clutching the cabin door, was holding a baby—then lost his grasp on the child when a monstrous billow swept over him. Spencer swam toward him, but the captain drowned as he attempted heroically to rescue a woman.

A chunk of storm-driven wreckage smashed Spencer in the face. Blood trickling from his forehead blinded him. When those on shore began pulling him in, Spencer threw off the rope and brought another survivor from the lake.

In six hours, Spencer saved 15 lives. But by then he was near col-

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?

Spirit of St. Louis (Warner) ***Family*** (+)

James Stewart is excellent as Charles (Lucky Lindy) Lindbergh in this interesting film which is highlighted by his flight across the Atlantic. The first solo hop over nearly 3,000 miles of ocean, the struggle with sleep, the hazards of flying at night without even stars to guide—all these and more make a film almost as unique as its fact in history. Some, however, may object to the way in which a Christopher medal is played up as Lindbergh's protector on the historic flight.

Fear Strikes Out (Paramount) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+)

Based on the life of a big-league ballplayer, this film has more to it than the thrill of a ninth-inning rally. It deals with the pressures of parents on their children to make them in the image of their own unrealized ambitions. The twisting of character that results is finally cured by psychiatric treatment.

Guns of Fort Petticoat (Columbia) ***Adults*** (+)

During the Civil War, when the men were taken from the ranches, small Southwestern villages were at the mercy of Indians. Audie Murphy helps the women protect themselves by organizing them as soldiers and teaching them how to defend the local fort.

The Happy Road (MGM) ***Family*** (+)

Bobby Clark, whose mother is dead, is the young son of Gene Kelly, an American businessman working in Paris. He has been sent to a Swiss school, where Grigitte Fossey, daughter of divorced Barbara Laage, is also a student. When he decides to run away, Grigitte goes with him. The search for the children brings the adults into a common enterprise with a romantic outcome.

Affair in Reno (Republic) ***Adults*** (—)

Second-rate in story, production, direction, and entertainment. John Lund is sent to Reno by his millionaire employer to keep a headstrong heiress from marrying the owner of a gambling house. The millionaire also hires a female bodyguard to protect John and $100,000 he is carrying to buy off the gambler.

Blonde Sinner (Allied Artists) ***Adults*** (+)

A factual account of the last two weeks in the life of a British woman condemned to hang for murdering her husband. A grim film, well done. It provides the serious viewer a number of questions, but not too many answers.

The Incredible Shrinking Man (Universal-International) ***Adults*** (—)

A shocker based on the unscientific assumption that radioactive materials can make a man smaller and smaller until he can use a pin as a sword. The pseudoreligious finale is inappropriate.

Men in War (United Artists) ***Adults*** (+)

More for men than women. A hard-hitting account of 24 hours in the life of the remnant of Robert Ryan's platoon in Korea.

Oh, Men! Oh, Women! (20th Century) ***Adults*** (+)

Even a psychoanalyst can have complexes. That is the core of the story in this screen version of a Broadway success. David Niven is the psychiatrist. Others in the cast include Barbara Rush, Dan Dailey, Ginger Rogers, and Tony Randall, all of whom are tangled up in a web of romantic comedy.

Young Stranger (RKO) ***Adults*** (+)

Parents particularly will want to see this account of a misunderstanding between ordinary parents and an adolescent boy who needs love more than suspicious criticism.

lapse. He lay exhausted under a blanket, his extremities blue.

Suddenly he spotted a man clinging with one arm to some wreckage. The drowning man held what appeared to be a bundle in the water beside him.

Spencer's friends warned him that he would probably be unable to survive another rescue effort.

"I'll do it," he said. "I'll either save that man or die in the attempt."

What appeared to be a bundle beside the man proved to be a drowning woman.

"Save my wife!" the man pleaded.

Swimming with both proved too much for the exhausted divinity student.

"I can hold you up," he gasped, "but you've got to swim for your lives and mine, too."

Spencer guided the struggling pair, keeping their heads above the water. When the three crawled ashore, the cheering crowd stormed down upon them.

Willing hands carried Spencer back to his room. For hours he was delirious.

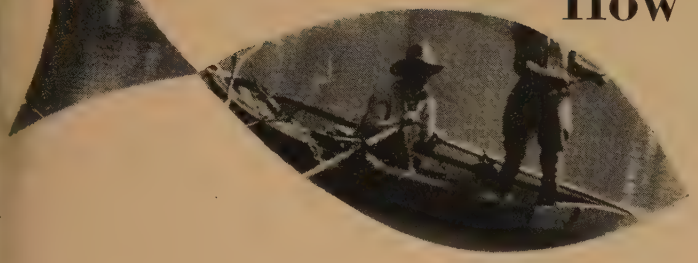
Ed Spencer lived—but the life of an invalid. He was forced to give up his college career, his plan to become a Methodist minister. No longer able to stand a cold climate, Spencer moved to a small fruit farm in California. The Northwestern class of 1898 awarded a plaque honoring his bravery. President Theodore Roosevelt supported a bill to award him a medal for valor—but the bill was lost in the rush of Congressional business.

In June, 1909, Spencer sat in a wheel chair at a place of honor at Northwestern commencement exercises. He received an honorary bachelor of arts degree and went on record as a graduate of the class of 1862.

Edward William Spencer died on Feb. 7, 1917, at Burbank, Calif. Before his death, an old classmate called on him. Together they relived that morning of tragedy and heroism, Sept. 8, 1860.

"Ed, you virtually crowded your life service into a single day," the classmate remarked. "Would you do it again?"

"Sure I would," Ed Spencer answered. "Why not?"



How to Take Your Youngsters FISHING

ON SUMMER weekends, my two small boys and I shove off to some fishing to remember! We fetch reels, poles, bait, and lunches. But we also load the boat with *Mother Goose,* Disney classics, a BB gun, binoculars, kite string, rocks, assorted chunks of wood, drawing paper, and a small tarpaulin.

It's not the way experts fish. But then this is no regular fishing trip. Besides a fair catch, our expeditions help bring our family closer together.

Without something to occupy the kids' restless minds, they'd be yelling to come home in 20 minutes. I know . . . it always happened. And then I learned that I had to do some fancy planning if I expected to make a strike with Junior.

I manage now to catch some nice strings—in spite of toy sailboats dangling astern and the kids plumping BB shots into the water. And I've found my greatest fishing thrills—not in my own prowess—but in helping our six-year-old land a three-inch sunfish. Or seeing my four-year-old's rapt expression as we watched a flaming sunset over the still water.

We usually start out after a solid, leisurely breakfast or dinner. Mother and I linger over a second cup of coffee while the kids hurry around looking for worms, life preservers, poles, and hats.

The boys help with every task. They struggle to untie wet ropes. They tug and push as we beach the boat. After we float clear of the dock, they help row. And on the way to our fishing grounds they take turns steering.

Neither boy can swim, so both wear kapok life jackets whenever we're on the water—or the dock. And I warn them about the danger of jumping and rocking the boat.

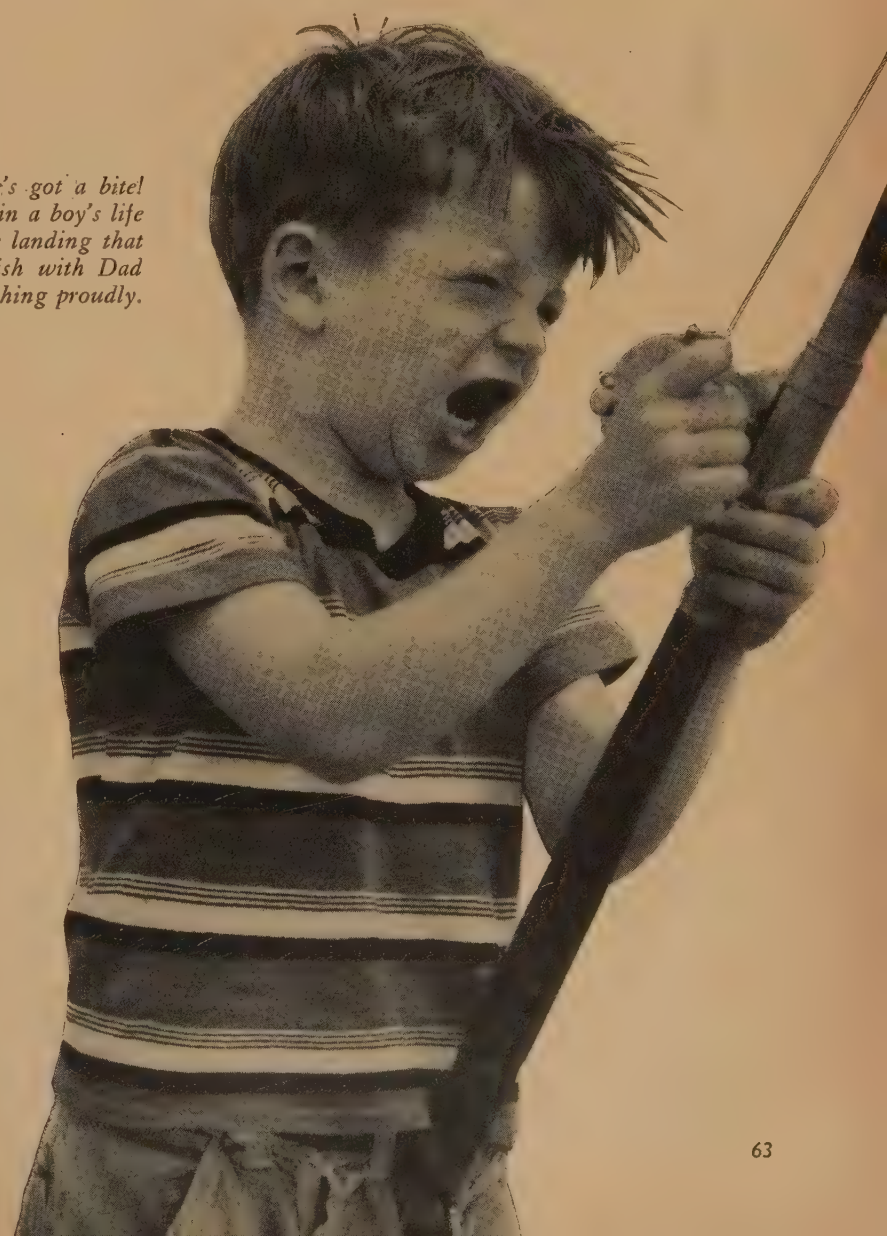
The most effective discipline, I find, is to keep the misbehaver's hook unbaited until his brother has a line in the water. This cuts out the monkey business!

Each boy has a short cane pole with 12-pound-test line, a small snell hook, split-shot sinker, and a quill-type bobber. This kind gives the kids bigger thrills because it wiggles and bobs when the tiniest fish nibbles at the bait.

With small children, the size of fish isn't important . . . unless brother gets a bigger one! It's frequency that counts. Lots of nibbles, even from really tiny fish, keep the excitement at a high pitch.

I don't try to do any serious angling until after the kids calm down. I hand each boy his own can of worms. He keeps them covered with dirt and in the shade. And each boy has a bucket for his own fish. I station one youngster on each side of the boat—helps avoid line snarls.

By this time, we are ready to start



He's got a bite! No thrill in a boy's life like landing that first fish with Dad watching proudly.

What's Your Hobby?

Here's a chance for you to trade stamps, coins, recipes, patterns, or stories with someone in your own city or on the other side of the world. Each month TOGETHER will publish names and addresses of the Methodist hobbyists so that you can get in touch with them. If you want to be listed, send your name, address, and hobby to TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. (Pen Pal entries are limited to those 18 years of age or less.)—Eds.

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Recipes:
Mrs. Leslie B. Bridges, 2222 Richland Dr., Louisville 18, Ky.

Salt and Pepper Shakers:
Mrs. J. T. Lansing, 78 W. Main St., Sidney, N.Y.; Mrs. Pearl Cleveland, Gove, Kan.; Mrs. D. E. Fairweather, 111 N. Seventh St., Grand Forks, N.D.

Stamps:
William S. Hartley, 414 Atlantic Ave., Somers Point, N.J.; Beulah Stanford, 1926 NW 21st St., Miami 42, Fla.; Andrew Schnettler, Box 47, Finesville, N.J.; Marguerite Jones, 191 Bay Rd., S. Hamilton, Mass.; Charles Jones, 605 Franklin St., Johnson City, Tenn.; Steven Gibbs, 309 Main St., Hudson Falls, N.Y.

Tropical Fish:
Mrs. Wilma Russell, R. 1, Urbana, Ohio; Fred M. Capps, 437 Mt. View Rd., Boulder, Colo.

Pen Pals (open to age 18):
Sue Myers (16), 728 S. 22nd St., Lafayette, Ind.; Jack Bradford (16), R. 1, Box 79 A, Centuria, Wis.; Michael Parrish (12), 4640 S. Union, Tulsa, Okla.; Diane Parker (13), Eastman, Ga.; William H. Kinkade (17), 6549 S. Wood St., Chicago 36, Ill.; Maud Ellen Hatcher (16), Box 1084, Wayland, Ky.; Natalie Erickson (16), 1409 E. North St., Tampa, Fla.; Clark Evans (12), 915 Third Ave., Duncansville, Pa.; Norman Hurlburt (9), R.R. 3, Black River Falls, Wis.; Dana Niles (14), 931 S. Fifth St., Atchison, Kan.; Jeanette Norwood (13), 2931 Flower St., Huntington Park, Calif.; Helen M. Brown (8), 137 Dunlop Ave., Buffalo 15, N.Y.; Richard Ubner (10), 10030 Peoria, Chicago 43, Ill.

fishing. "Daddy, does the little worm mind?" pipes up my youngest, trying to thread a wriggly night crawler onto his hook.

We drift now until the boys start getting nibbles. The fish don't co-operate, so we keep moving. The kids start to fidget. I point out a kingfisher diving into the lake for his breakfast . . . a turtle floating quietly 30 feet off the stern . . . a school of minnows rippling the surface . . . a puffy cloud that looks like a sheep or an old man.

The trick is to keep introducing something new—about every 15 minutes!

A bobber jiggles. "I gotta bite."

I pull in the oars and get down on my knees to help hook our first prize. For the next half hour fishing is good.

"When do we eat?" I crawl up under the bow and break out chocolate bars. "Daddy, I wanna drink." I hand out the orangeade. And so we fish—alternating with fresh diversions.

I keep on the lookout for signs of tiredness . . . a rod dragging in the water, attempts to tie up little brother with the anchor rope, kicking fishing tackle about. These symptoms tell me it's high time to pull a new stunt.

My boys love to drop BBs over the side . . . for five or 10 minutes. Then they unpack their toys, tie on lengths of kite string, and float an armada along behind our rowboat.

If it's sunny and pretty warm, we hoist the tarpaulin. Its shade invites cat napping, lulled by the boat's peaceful rocking.

Out there on the water—beyond TV—we find one of our greatest adventures in crayons and books. After stories, we stop and float sticks. Never an idle moment! For good measure, we slip mysterious messages into bottles and cast them into the waves, and hail imaginary pirate ships on the way to storied treasure isles.

Between "attractions," I manage to do some serious fishing. Casting is best, since it's awkward to have a baited line out when the kids decide to tow a plastic battleship 20 feet astern. And youngsters love to help with the gaily painted plugs or sparkling spoons. As a special reward I stick a gaudy artificial fly in one boy's hat.

At last, my tired little anglers are ready to turn homeward. At the dock we make fish cleaning a lesson in biology: "Here is the heart, Danny. It pumps the fish's blood. Yes, people have them, too . . . but not scales or fins or gills."

We reach the cabin tired, triumphant, and busting to tell it all to Mom—*together!*

—Charles W. Keysor

Danger: POISON in Your Home

By Shirley Motter Linde

Wise parents keep dangerous drugs where busy little hands never reach them.

A YOUTH fellowship group was painting tables and chairs in the church kitchen. One girl's younger brother, unnoticed, drank a can of paint thinner sitting on a table. Three hours later he died.

Chemistry boasts that it has changed our ways of living, and that is true. But it can maim and kill, too. Right now in cupboards or basements of your house, church, or office building may be dozens of innocent-looking bottles and boxes that can spell trouble.

Major causes of accidental poisoning are household chemicals and drugs you use every day—cleaning solutions, cosmetics, detergents, paint products, medicines.

The major victims are children. They account for most of the 187,000 cases of accidental poisoning that the National Safety Council estimates occur in American homes every year.

The problem far exceeds that of many leading childhood diseases, according to the Committee on Toxicology of the American Medical Association. It is the "most common medical emergency" among young children. For every child killed by the poisons, many more recover and may be crippled for life by liver or kidney damage, inflammation of the brain, scarring and closing of the esophagus, or lung damage with subsequent and long attacks of respiratory infections.

The danger, say the AMA specialists, "exists in and around the home—on the pantry shelf and in the cellar, utility room, garage, tool shed or workshop."

What about your family? How much danger are they in?

You may have the answer after asking yourself whether the following incidents could happen in your home. They are true.

An infant drank rat poison from a bait cup in the cellar. He died.

A mother accidentally mixed DDT flea powder, stored in the kitchen, into her baby's formula. A boy sucked moth balls found in a trunk in the attic. Both died.

An insect bomb containing chlordan was sprayed in a closed unventilated room where a baby slept. The room became a tomb.

A boy sucked a spoon used to mix an insect-spray solution. A tiny girl playing in the yard licked crystals of poison on a discarded bottle cap. Another girl swallowed a glass of neutralizing solution while her mother was giving herself a home permanent. These children died.

The problem of accidental poisoning is an alarming one and it is increasing; but already doctors, hospitals, and safety educators are joining to combat the menace and to help protect your family.

One of the most important steps is establishment of poison-control centers in many cities. A typical case is this one handled in Seattle:

A minister's wife found her two-year-old boy sitting on the bathroom floor delightedly patting a sticky pool of spilled home-permanent-wave solution. A few bubbles drooled down his chin as evidence that he had swallowed some.

Was it harmless? The label didn't say. She wiped up the slippery mess,

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and then—as a casual afterthought—telephoned her pediatrician.

The doctor made a quick phone call to the nearby poison-control center, where another doctor flicked through a huge index card file for the guilty product. The card listed the ingredients, how dangerous they were, and the proper antidotes to counteract them.

Within seconds the doctor knew just how to treat the boy and was able to save his life. Without the center, he would have had to wait hours for symptoms to appear or for a laboratory to do a chemical analysis of the product. Then it might have been too late, for some poisons can cause death in 30 minutes.

The first poison-control center was organized in Chicago in 1953 by the American Academy of Pediatrics, with energetic Drs. Edward Press as director and George M. Wheatley as chairman.

Now there is a network of centers in over 50 cities of the country. More are on the way.

The number of potentially dangerous chemicals that may be brought into the home on every shopping trip is "huge and increasing daily," according to Dr. Bernard Conley, secretary of the two AMA committees on toxicology and pesticides. He estimates that a quarter of a million trade-name products are on sale now.

Dr. Jay M. Arena, director of a poison-control center in Durham, N.C., reports the number of deaths from swallowing poisons in children under age five is four times higher in the United States than in Great Britain.

ANOTHER NEED stressed by Dr. Arena and others is stricter federal and state laws on labeling of products. Some advertising implies a product is safe when it is not.

The federal government requires that the word "poison" be printed on labels of household packages that contain corrosives such as lye and on some insect, weed and rat poisons. But, says the AMA, "these federal acts are useful as far as they go; however, they are far from adequate."

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration recently asked drug manufacturers to help protect children by printing warnings on their labels if drugs are dangerous when taken in large amounts. Every year aspirins and other salicylate compounds alone cause over 100 deaths, mostly in children under five. Since candied aspirins became available over the counter in 1948, deaths from aspirin among children under 5 rose 500 per cent above pre-war levels. The flavoring has made aspirins taste good to children.

Dr. Arena urges labeling of other preparations, such as camphorated oils, kerosene, and other petroleum distillates.

The American Medical Association Toxicology Committee says most cases of childhood poisoning can be prevented. Here's what it suggests:

Read labels. Follow the directions for use, and pay attention to warnings.

Keep dangerous chemicals as far out of your child's reach as you would a murderous weapon. Never store them in discarded food or beverage containers. Don't store household chemicals or insect poisons near food products or medicine. Try to lock them up.

Keep drugs in a medicine cabinet out of reach, preferably locked, the most toxic drugs on the highest shelf. Discard old prescriptions and those that you aren't quite sure of. Protect labels with scotch tape to keep them from getting wet, lost or stained. If a pill bottle breaks and you have to use another, copy the complete label directions. Be careful to keep sweetened or candy-flavored medicines away from children. Don't take drugs out of a medicine cabinet at night without turning on a light and reading the label. Seal bottle caps and boxes with adhesive tape to make them harder to open. Buy pills sealed in individual plastic containers, and bottles with tight caps.

Don't throw things away just anywhere. Destroy empty containers, bottle caps, unused portions, poisoned bait or dead rats. Or dispose of them where children can't get to them.

If, despite this vigil, your child swallows something suspected of being poisonous, call a doctor immediately!

If you'd like to know more about the problem—perhaps for a talk at a church or service club, assistance is free for the asking. Simply write to the Accident Prevention Committee of the American Academy of Pediatrics, 1801 Hinman St., Evanston, Ill., or to the Chemical Poisoning Committee of the American Public Health Association, 1790 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

NEWS of the world parish

'ETHICS' PANELS CAN CLEAN UP UNIONS: OXNAM

The United Automobile Workers' new ethics board may lead trade unions to a solution of one of the biggest problems some of them face: abuse of power. So says Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam.

The bishop, sizing up his appointment to the UAW's seven-man public-review board, called the panel "historically significant; a recognition on the part of labor that it is clothed 'with a public interest.'"

The UAW set up the board in the wake of the Senate probe of Teamster Union affairs. Union officials called the panel a check against possible corruption and racketeering, said it will be an appeals court of last resort, with its decisions binding on the union.

"This is the first time any major union, on its own initiative, has set up a civilian review board and, if we take our job seriously, it may point the way to a solution of the power question," Oxnam said.

The Rev. A. Dudley Ward, general secretary, Methodist Board of Social and Economic Relations, hailed the bishop's appointment as one of the most significant acts by a nonchurch group in this century and told newsmen it offered "concrete evidence (that) the labor movement in America has matured." The Methodist Church, he added, always has considered itself involved "in the struggles of the market place."

Oxnam pointed out that back in 1908 the church adopted a statement recognizing the right of employers and employees to organize and bargain collectively with representatives of their own choosing. "Our best laymen today no longer question labor's right to organize," he declared, "and more ministers are better informed on labor-management problems."

A decade ago, in his book, *Labor and Tomorrow's World,* he forecast the church's role in labor relations: "Methodism may have been raised up for such a time as this. Some church must lead, and it may be that others will join . . ." He pointed out that world labor movements offer Christianity a great opportunity and warned Methodists not to become separated from workers.

The UAW picked Oxnam, who was honored with a freedom award at the union's last convention, because of his long fight for civil rights and liberties. No stranger to labor problems, the bishop once served as arbitrator in a dispute between the Indiana Coal Operators' Association and the United Mine Workers.

'B' Student Now 'City Father'

Charles B. Marshall, Northwestern University graduate student, ran for alderman to get material for a thesis—and ended up winning the election. But his instructor, who didn't approve of the idea, graded a term paper based on the plan only B-minus.

The 26-year-old political-science major defeated Fred R. Thoma, a councilman for 16 years. Marshall campaigned by knocking on 2,500 doors, was never critical of his rival. In fact, he urged voters, "If you can't vote for me, vote for my opponent. He's a fine gentleman."

Although a Lutheran, Marshall is a regular attendant at First Methodist Church, Evanston. His campaign manager, Aubrey Forrest, 22, also a graduate student, is the son of A. Leland Forrest, chancellor of Nebraska Wesleyan University, a Methodist school.

Churchmen Oppose Aid Cuts

Methodist and other Protestant leaders are campaigning against possible cuts in U. S. economic aid to underdeveloped countries.

A special report by *Concern,* national Methodist youth publication, urged a mail bombardment of Congressmen in support of strong economic aid. Both the National Conference of Methodist Youth and the United Christian Youth Movement are calling for an economic-aid increase, preferably channeled through the UN.

Methodist women leaders called on 31,000 local groups to support foreign-aid funds.

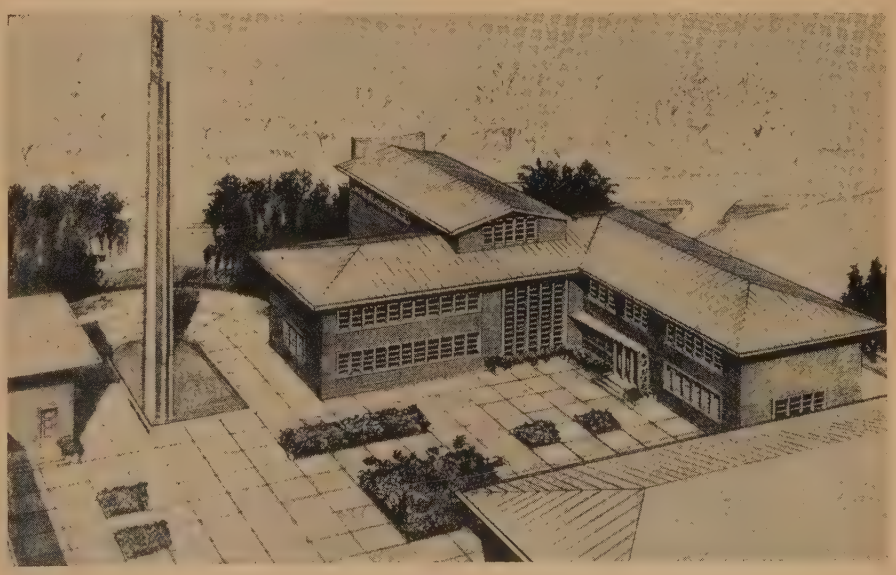
In addition, the Methodist Board of World Peace warned that aid cuts could threaten the freedom of millions in Asia, Africa, and the Middle East. And top leaders of the National Council of Churches not only assured President Eisenhower of church support for his program, but urged that spending be increased.

However, reliable sources reported that Congressional mail, by a three-to-one margin, favored aid reductions.

2 States Bar Sunday Car Sales

The battle over Sunday blue laws is getting hotter.

Colorado and Indiana have just banned car sales on Sundays. Minnesota's House and Senate have approved a similar ban. Indiana dealers who violate the new law will be subject to fine or imprisonment as disorderly persons. Unsuccessful attempts are being made to include grocery stores and other businesses.



Wesley Theological Seminary broke ground in April for its new $3-million school on the campus of Methodism's American University, Washington, D. C. Westminster Theological Seminary will move from Maryland to form the nucleus of the new school. The Kresge Foundation of Detroit recently gave $1.5 million to the seminary, to be matched by Methodists. Churches now have pledged $750,000.

METHODIST ALMANACK

A Miscellaney of Dates & Divers Interesting Matters for People Called Methodist

If you want a favour done, ask a busy man—B. Franklin

MAY hath XXXI days — 5th Month

Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.—Milton

15	W	U. S. mail takes first plane ride, 1918
16	Th	*Great modesty often hides great merit*
17	Fr	Geronimo hits warpath, 1885
18	Sa	Republicans nominate Lincoln, 1860
19	S	Aldersgate Sunday
20	M	Lindbergh takes off for Paris, 1927
21	Tu	Clara Barton founds American Red Cross, 1881
22	W	First steamship crosses Atlantic, 1819
23	Th	Charles Wesley writes first hymn, 1738
24	Fr	John Wesley has spiritual awakening, 1738
25	Sa	*Great talkers, little doers*
26	S	Rural Life Sunday
27	M	Golden Gate bridge opens, 1937
28	Tu	Dionne quintuplets born, 1934
29	W	Patrick Henry b., 1736
30	Th	Ascension Day Memorial Day
31	Fr	Waters roll over Johnstown, Pa., 1889

■ The place: Chicago. Leading contender: Sen. W. H. Seward of New York. But Honest Abe's managers lined up enough support to win the nomination for him on the third ballot. Named as his running mate was Hannibal Hamlin of Maine. Three other tickets also put candidates in the field; Lincoln beat 'em all.

■ A dam burst, sent a wall of water 20 feet deep over the city, claiming 2,000 to 3,000 lives and damaging property to the tune of $12 million.

JUNE hath XXX days — 6th Month

No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.—Lowell

1	Sa	Kentucky 165 years old; Tennessee, 161
2	S	*A life of leisure and a life*
3	M	*of laziness are two things*
4	Tu	Congress adopts U. S. Flag, 1777
5	W	*Uncle Tom's Cabin* breaks into print, 1851
6	Th	D-Day, 1944
7	Fr	Learn by heart Ephesians 4:32
8	Sa	Ice cream first advertised, 1786
9	S	Pentecost (Whitsunday) Methodist Student Day
10	M	Salem, Mass., hangs first "witch," 1692
11	Tu	Declaration of Independence started, 1776
12	W	Baseball invented in Cooperstown, N. Y., 1839
13	Th	First V-1 hits Britain, 1944
14	Fr	Flag Day

■ The first chapter ran in *The National Era*. Magazine completed the serial April 1, 1852, three weeks after first edition of "the book that caused the Civil War" was published. Author Harriet Beecher Stowe made the Hall of Fame.

■ Continental Congress named five-man committee—Thomas Jefferson was on it—to prepare a draft of the Declaration. Final version was adopted July 4, 1776.

In Fort Wayne, a supermarket exec tive said his firm will contribute $2,00 to any group which succeeds in bannir Sunday food sales. His company, o posed to Sunday sales, has been forc by the pressure of competition to go c a seven-day operation, he asserted.

In Arkansas, an old law prohibitir businesses from staying open on Sund has been repealed. Under the new la municipalities have the power to d cide which—if any—businesses ma open on Sundays.

And in Cleveland, Ohio, the Cou of Appeals has upheld the conviction a chain-store official for violation of th state's Sunday-closing law.

Religious News to be Squeeze

Religion will get a bigger play i newspapers in the next 10 years, but will face tougher competition fro other news. The National Religiou Publicity Council heard these predi tions at its recent 28th annual conve tion.

Edward J. Hughes, editorial directo of Westchester County Publishers, Inc New York, forecast expanded religiou coverage. But, he added, forthcomin developments in atomic energy, th struggle for world peace, and simila items will vastly increase the compet tion for available news space.

The council cited for religious cove age: *The Charlotte (N.C.) Observe Oakland (Calif.) Tribune,* and *S Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Wesley Letters to Seminary

Twelve original Wesley letters, dat ing from 1773 to 1788, have been pre sented to the new Wesley Theologica Seminary, Washington, D. C., b Bishop and Mrs. G. Bromley Oxnam The collection will be displayed whe the seminary, on the campus of Ameri can University, opens in September 1958.

The letters reflect the warm friend ship between John Wesley and his min isters. In one, to a minister who asked approval of his marriage plans, Wesley wrote that he had no objection; he did not know the bride, but trusted the judgment of three Methodist women who did.

Another, to a minister who taught in Kingswood, England, at the first Meth odist-supported school, advises: "You do well to follow after Peace. Nothing is more desirable. One would give up any thing for it, but a Good Conscience. And the only way whereby you can secure it is, To walk closely with God. So long as your ways please Him, He will make even your enemies to be at peace with you. Be serious! Be earnest! Be little in your own eyes, and God will order all things well."

Music to Win 'Lost Sheep'

The largest house of worship in Atlanta, Ga., is returning to an old tradition—becoming a community music center during the week.

In so doing, downtown Wesley Memorial Church hopes to attract back "worshipers who drifted away," the Rev. Allen Phillips, pastor, says.

"One of the purposes for which our church was built 55 years ago," Phillips said, "was to sponsor good music."

U.S. Court Kills Censorship

A Michigan law banning sale of any "obscene" book tending to endanger the morals of youth has been held unconstitutional by the U. S. Supreme Court. The unanimous decision may affect similar statutes in 11 other states, legal sources say.

In handing down the decision, Justice Felix Frankfurter declared that the law would "reduce the adult population of Michigan to reading only what is fit for children. It therefore arbitrarily curtails one of those liberties of the individual now enshrined in the 14th Amendment."

Colorado, Florida, Iowa, Maine, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, and West Virginia have similar laws.

Honor Methodist 'Mothers'

A number of Methodist women now hold a new distinction: They have been chosen Mother of the Year in their home states. Among those honored are:

Mrs. Cassie N. Reeves, Weldon, Ill.; Mrs. Earl A. Roadman, Reinbeck, Iowa, wife of the retired president of Morningside College; Mrs. Ewing Baxter Wiley, 82, of Halls, Tenn., wife of a 90-year-old Methodist minister; Mrs. Waights G. Henry, Anniston, Ala., an author and lecturer, and Mrs. Marshall E. Humphreys, Galt, Mo.

Mrs. Wiley, mother of 11, told a *Nashville Tennessean* reporter the secret of her family-rearing success—daily

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DEADLINE!

The World Service program of The Methodist Church for the coming fiscal year is dependent on the money which is received from local churches by **May 31, 1957**

CHURCH MEMBERS:
It will help greatly if all World Service pledges are brought up to date and balances due paid through May.

CHURCH TREASURERS:
It is urgent that all money on hand be sent to Annual Conference treasurers by May 31, the end of the fiscal year.

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devotions around the breakfast table.

"We would read a chapter from the Bible, and the children would rotate in offering the prayer," she recalled.

"There are times when (children) need to be spanked," she went on, "but not slapped and whipped. We did spank the children at times, but we didn't have to use a rod."

Fewer Hospital Beds Available

Chronic illness—which now costs industry $700 millions a year—is posing a serious space problem for Methodist hospitals, the Board of Hospitals and Homes recently warned. And, according to a board spokesman, the problem is going to grow steadily worse throughout the country.

Hospital space is being filled increasingly with the chronically ill, the spokesman declared, with the result that space for emergency and routine cases is lacking.

The fact that Americans are living longer means the problem will worsen—and the board will have to meet it by building more hospitals for the chronically ill, it was said. Already, several such hospitals, adjacent to existing institutions so as to take advantage of their facilities, are planned.

Ghana Talks Church Union

Methodists in newly independent Ghana (Africa Gold Coast) are bringing two major problems under intensive study: starting an autonomous church and possible church union. Already a committee has begun work on drafting a constitution for a West African Conference.

Most serious of the merger moves is an invitation to Anglicans, Methodists, and Presbyterians to join in initial talks. One Anglican churchman, the Very Rev. G. E. FaLainy of Accra, called division among Ghana's 700,000 Protestants "silly" and urged a single "holy church" with liberty to develop worship forms, architecture, art, and music.

Ike to Honor Crippled Man

From St. Luke's Church, Oklahoma City, a polio-crippled Methodist who for years has worked on behalf of the handicapped is going to the White House to receive the Handicapped Man of the Year trophy. President Eisenhower will make the presentation to the Oklahoman on May 23.

Hugo Deffner, 55, is waging a one-man campaign for street-level entrances to churches and other public buildings. When plans were drawn for modernistic St. Luke's, he saw to it that such

an entrance, and sloping passageways for wheel chairs, were included.

Deffner was crippled at 20, walked on crutches until 10 years ago. Then he fell on the steps of a public building, and has been confined to a wheel chair ever since.

Bring Church School to Homes

A Church School at Home will be started by The Methodist Church this summer to reach those isolated from services. Approved by the Board of Education, the program will forward to these families free Sunday-school materials for home classes.

One of the major problems is how to reach families. Pilot churches in South Dakota and Montana will send workers into the surrounding areas as a starter. Radio broadcasts and local news stories will be used later.

While new to Methodists, such projects already are in use by Lutherans and the United Church of Canada.

The Methodist Publishing House is co-operating with the board's Department of the Christian Family, Nashville, Tenn., in launching the project.

Flapjacks Bring $2,000

Citizens of all faiths in Lawrence, Kan., have teamed up with Methodists in their successful effort to aid two burned-out churches.

The Methodist-sponsored pancake feed netted $2,000 for Congregational and Episcopal churches.

Volunteer help and food donations swamped the First Methodist Church, forcing members to move the feed to larger quarters in the Community Building.

Methodist pastor A. F. Bramble (left) directs a crew of pancakemakers at a Lawrence, Kan., fund-raising feed.

Catholics Meet Protestants

To promote better understanding, 5,000 Protestants and Roman Catholics swapped church visits in Belleville, Ill. Catholic laymen started "Operation Understanding" by inviting Protestants. The Belleville Ministerial Association replied by inviting Catholics to Protestant churches.

Signal Hill Methodist Church played host to 122 Catholic visitors, including three priests. In a 70-minute tour, lay leaders explained the church program, and the Rev. Omer F. Whitlock, pastor, described symbolism, congregational singing, church history, and organization. Later, at evening forums, they discussed "How Your Protestant Neighbor Worships," "The Authority of the Bible in Protestant Life and Thought," and "Your Protestant Neighbor's Personal Love for Christ."

Name Associate Publisher

The Rev. J. Otis Young, administrative assistant to Bishop Hazen G. Werner, Columbus, Ohio, has been appointed Associate Publisher of The Methodist Publishing House. He will begin his new duties July 1, from the MPH offices in Chicago. Young, together with Dr. J. Edgar Washabaugh, present Associate Publisher, will devote his time to church relations.

Scholarships Honor Schisler

Graduate scholarships totaling $5,000 have been set up by the Methodist Board of Education in honor of Dr. John Q. Schisler, retired executive secretary of the board's division of local church. Dr. Schisler now is a rural pastor near Nashville, Tenn.

The money will go to persons preparing for jobs in higher education.

Youth to Help Small Churches

For the nineteenth summer, selected Methodist youths are to tour the U. S. in caravan teams, helping small churches revitalize their programs for young people.

Forty-one teams of five members each will visit 250 churches, staying a week in each community. A specialized caravan also will work with religious drama in four north-central states, and four teams will travel in Cuba.

Each caravan will have two young men and two young women between 18 and 24, plus an older counselor. The program is sponsored by the Methodist Board of Education, headquartered in Nashville, Tenn.

Methodists Back Marine Plea

Six months after enlisting, an 18-year-old Methodist Marine has decided he is

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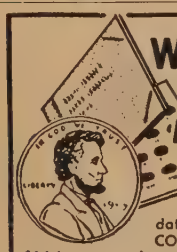
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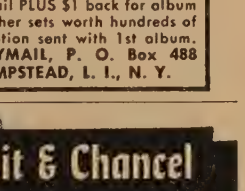
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a conscientious objector—and church officials are backing his stand.

Pvt. Peter H. Green of Evanston, Ill., faces a possible court-martial for refusing to accept a rifle. His minister, the Rev. Harold A. Bosley of First Methodist Church, Evanston, and Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy of Los Angeles are supporting the private. In a statement to Marine officials Bosley said:

"While The Methodist Church is not a 'peace' church in the sense that the Quakers are, we recognize the right of our young men and women to claim conscientious objection and promise to extend to them our full support in that claim."

Want Bible on Emblem

Use of the cross on the Minnesota Centennial emblem is stirring controversy among religious leaders. At least one Methodist leader favors use of the Bible instead.

Some Protestants and Jews want the cross removed on the grounds that its use might offend minorities, violate the principal of separation of church and state, and encourage desecration on liquor glasses and beer mugs. But the Roman Catholic archbishop wants the cross retained.

The suggestion that the Bible would be a symbol "more inclusive and possibly less offensive" has been offered by Methodist Bishop D. Stanley Coors.

'Loyalty Oath Unnecessary'

On the heels of protests by churchmen, Gov. Orval Faubus of Arkansas has vetoed a new loyalty-oath bill as "unnecessary" and a potential peril to the innocent. Educators and fraternal organizations joined in the churches' opposition to the measure.

Among those forwarding protests was Dr. Matt L. Ellis, president of Hendrix College, a Methodist-related school.

The bill would have made it a felony to draw state pay without first taking the oath, and, presumably, for any state employee to pay salaries to persons who had not complied.

Martin at Emory Helm

Dr. S. Walter Martin, recently elected fifteenth president of Emory University, Methodist school in Atlanta, Ga., is a historian and well-known Methodist layman.

He will begin his duties in September, succeeding Dr. Goodrich C. White, who was elected chancellor. Emory, with 3,500 students, has $27 millions in endowment, is ranked among the top endowed private institutions.

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NEWS DIGEST . . .

RELIGIOUS GROUPS control 39 per cent of the nation's 1,886 colleges and universities (Protestants, 474; Roman Catholics, 265), reports the U. S. Office of Education.

A METHODIST YOUTH, Lawrence E. Zernach, 19, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., has been awarded the U. S. Young American Medal for Bravery and Service. In 1955, Zernach saved a 14-year-old boy hanging from a 100-foot cliff.

A $500,000 EXPANSION program will more than double the capacity (from 40 to 85) of the Methodist Retirement Home, Inc., Durham, N. C.

DR. ARTHUR S. FLEMMING, president of Ohio Wesleyan University (Methodist), will address the Southern Presbyterian Men's Convention next October in Miami. President Eisenhower has tentatively agreed to speak.

SPECIAL SERMONS, many by agricultural leaders, will be preached in churches from coast to coast on May 26, Rural Life Sunday. The observance traces back to celebrations over 1,400 years ago.

THE HUNGARIAN regime says it will allow Lutheran representatives to attend the third assembly of the Lutheran World Federation in Minneapolis next August.

LARGEST Protestant body in Japan, the United Church of Christ—of which Methodists are part—gained 4,500 members in 1956.

TENNESSEE'S Gov. Frank G. Clement is teaching a new men's Bible class in McKendree Methodist Church, Nashville.

MALAYAN Methodists have commissioned 16 persons, none of them missionaries, as heads of church schools in preparation for Malayan independence from Britain next August.

ALASKA'S legislature has commended The Methodist Church for its support of the Alaska Methodist College, a four-year school to be built in Anchorage.

A $5,000 ENDOWMENT from the Methodist Woman's Society of Christian Service, Southeastern Jurisdiction, will buy books and maps for Scarritt College library, Nashville, Tenn.

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Fifteen Florida high schools will offer regular classroom instruction in moral and spiritual values as an experi-

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Let's Get Acquainted

EVER since *The Ten Commandments* made its screen debut people have been wondering whether Moses and Nefretiri really had a romance. We asked **Dorothy Clarke Wilson,** whose novel, *Prince of Egypt,* formed the basis for the Moses-Nefretiri episodes in the film. Mrs. Wilson, wife of a Methodist district superintendent, has spent her life writing on biblical themes. She has written over 65 plays and innumerable magazine articles. Maybe you won't agree with what she says (page 17)—but you'll find it interesting!

●

We're proud to welcome aboard a Methodist clergyman who helped end the bitter sit-down strikes of the 1930s. He's **Ensworth Reisner,** pastor of First Church, Milwaukee, and son of the late Dr. Christian Reisner, who built New York's Broadway Temple. A man whose formula for peace could help end sit-downs is a man to whom gentleness is precious. Now he shares a unique treasure —which came his way via his father and the late editor, William Allen White. For an unusual touch of human understanding, we recommend *She Died in the Spring* (page 45).

●

Who could be better qualified to look at what's behind the churchgoing boom than **Claude Stanush,** *Life's* former religion editor, and **Carl Sjostrom,** well-known journalist? Read their findings on page 24—then see what Bishops Donald Tippett and Arthur Moore say in their Readerviews. (Mr. Sjostrom died suddenly after finishing this survey—which he was looking forward to seeing published "with great excitement.")

●

Frank J. Taylor's by-line guarantees good reading. He's a globe-trotter with an infallible nose for news. On page 34 he takes you to Hong Kong and our church's bold experiment in launching a model community where a battle for men's souls is being waged—right now. Speaking of Hong Kong, we bend a salaam to Monte and Marie Liang, now living in New York, where she is employed by our Board of Missions and he in a bank. Monte helped get Wesley Village going—and in rounding up material on the Village pictorial, following the Taylor article.

●

Also a "thank you" to Dr. Elmer T. Clark, secretary, World Methodist Council at Lake Junaluska, N. C. Dr. Clark's collection of Wesleyana is on exhibit there and, thanks to his courtesies, we present Salisbury's famous Wesley portrait on page 2.

OUR CAMERA CLIQUE

Credits are separated from left to right by comma; top to bottom by dashes; bot., bottom; cen., center; exc., except; lf., left; rt., right.

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ment starting next fall. If successf the program will be widened to e brace other schools.

The courses will not constitute ligious instruction, officials say. Rath they will be a guide to values stress in the Declaration of Independence, t Constitution, and the writings a speeches of great Americans.

Alaska: U.S. Show Window

Alaska can become "Uncle San show window" to display the benef of the American way of life to t Orient and much of the West, the Re P. Gordon Gould, Alaska-born Metho ist, has told a Congressional hearin

Besides Alaska's strategic locatic Gould cited these further reasons f statehood: U. S. public opinion favo it, and the caliber of Alaska's citize warrants it.

Gould now is devoting his time helping establish the Alaska Method College at Anchorage.

'Brain Storms' Shape Ideas

The most important factor in shapi Harvard students' thinking about G and the meaning of life is the ol fashioned "brain storm" sessions. reports a Student Council committ after a year's study.

The committee recommended adc tional courses on religion because "th seem to provide a natural and easy w of approaching fundamental questio and stimulating students to consider t relevance of their education to the lives."

Among the committee's conclusion • Sixty per cent of the students "wa something they call religion" in the philosophies of life.

• There is no significant change i the number of students with religiou interest from the freshman to t senior year.

• Students are showing an increasin concern for religious questions.

Seeks to Save Truckers

A six-year-old mission effort amon Canadian truck drivers soon will mov into the U.S. Known as "Transpo for Christ," it will start service in th country's northern states.

The mission operates by persona contacts with drivers at their terminal and eating places. It publishes *Th Highway Evangelist* and plans to es tablish truckers' chapels and canteens

ANSWER TO PUZZLE, PAGE 50

Five cats.

Challenge on the Campus

Are Wesley Foundations doing their job?

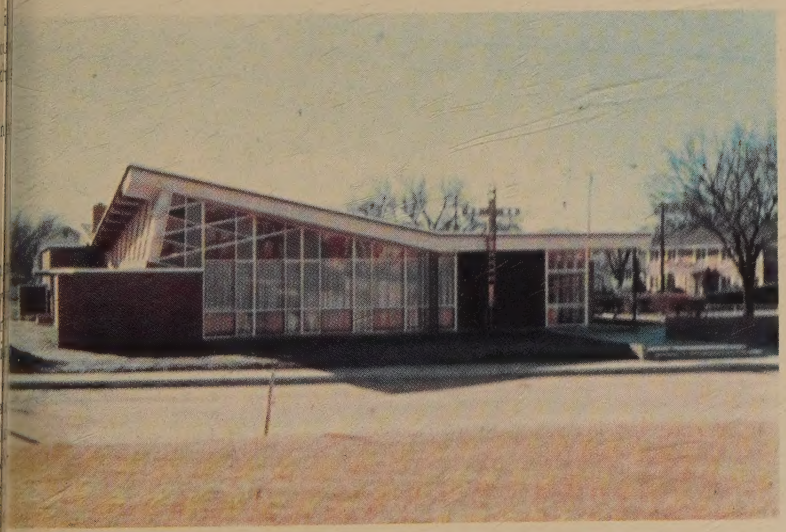
Upwards of half a million Methodist students now are enrolled in U.S. colleges; by 1975, authorities say, this figure may double. If this reservoir of potential leadership can be tapped, the Board of Education feels that The Methodist Church may become one of the deciding factors "determining the culture of the forthcoming century."

In view of this, Wesley Foundations from coast to coast are taking a hard look at their needs for the next decade. Personnel, building, and financial requirements through 1967 are up for examination. Impact on student life is being gauged; assignments planned to develop new, vigorous leaders.

As the only branch of the church on independent and private campuses, the 162 Wesley Foundations stand in a pivotal position. Half of these foundations feel they now reach 16 per cent of Methodist-preference students "vitally," another 31 per cent "casually." More detailed reports now coming to Board of Education headquarters are expected to throw additional light on the scope of present programs.

Among other things, the reports are expected to show a surge in new construction. Several new buildings include: University of Miami, $150,000; University of Oklahoma, $210,000; Iowa State College, $527,000; Oklahoma A&M College, $200,000; University of Alabama, $200,000. At least seven others will have new homes soon.

Iowa State College's new $527,000 Wesley Foundation, one of the best equipped, includes a nursery for married students' children, 14 meeting rooms, and a chapel. Methodist-preference students make up 27 per cent of the enrollment.



Spaciousness and open design, a marked departure from conventional religious buildings, are prominent features of the new Wesley Foundation at Oklahoma A & M. One wall, facing campus, is almost all glass.

One of the last cuttings of Louisiana cypress went into Foundation library walls at Southeastern Louisiana College, Hammond.

SUMMER CAMPING

Keeps Families Together

Family camping—a new trend in The Methodist Church—may rival the outdoor boom among youngsters and college students in the season ahead. Across the country it looks like the biggest church-camp year yet. A dozen new camps are in various stages of construction or planning; 75 to 80 more are adding acreage and improving facilities. Current totals: 190 camps, operated by districts and annual conferences, to serve upwards of 120,000 young people and adults.

The rapid growth, says the Board of Education, began in 1949. "The pressure of modern society pushed people outdoors to rediscover basic Christian values. Parents found a week in camp equaled a year in regular church school." Today, more camps operate year around; large churches own camps, and family camping has zoomed in popularity.

Asbury Acres, 150 miles north of Milwaukee, offers Wisconsin Methodists secluded, yet accessible camp sites and three sandy swimming beaches on a 50-acre lake, rimmed by a growth of beautiful pine, birch, and hardwood.

A flaming sunset furnishes a fitting climax to a consecration service at Asbury Acres, one of 21 camps sponsored by the Wisconsin Conference Board of Education. New Methodist camps, such as this, include accommodations for large and small families.

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recreation materials to guide you in all of your party planning

Books to help you with every party, records to lead you in your favorite folk games. The books and records found on this page are the answer to your party problems. Plan your vacation activities now—be ready with a bag full of vacation activities! You will have a "world of fun" using the recreation materials on this page.

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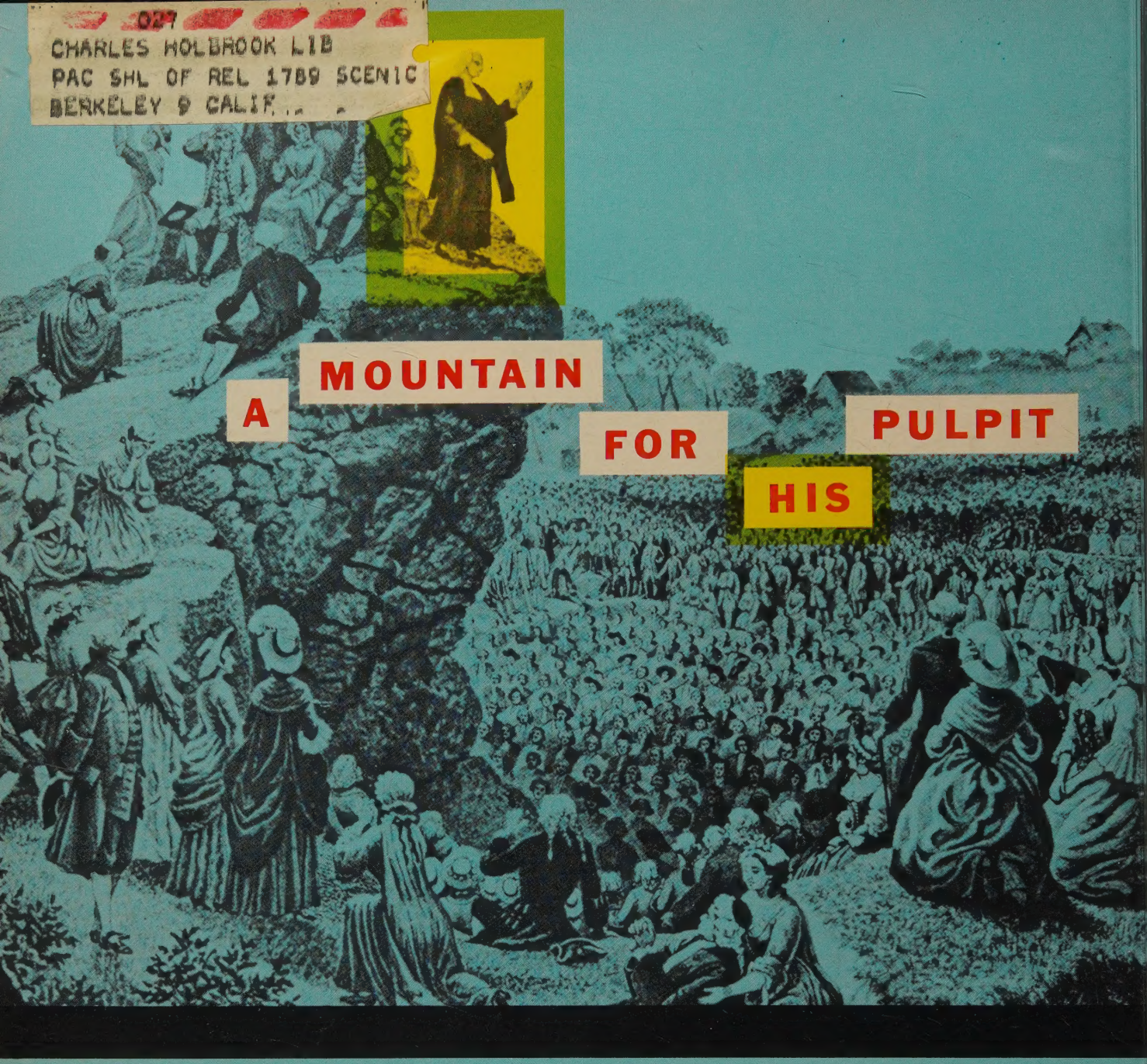

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